THE

WITS,

OR,

SPORT upon SPORT.

BEING A

Curious Collection of ſeveral

DROLS and FARCES,

Preſented and Shewn

For the

MERRIMENT and DELIGHT

OF

Wiſe Men, and the Ignorant:

As they have been ſundry times Acted

In Publique, and Private,

LONDON at *BAR. HOLOMEW* } FAIRES,
the Countrey at other }

HALLS and TAVERNS.

ſeveral MOUNTEBANCKS STAGES,

Charing Croſs, *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, and other places.

BY

veral Stroleing PLAYERS,

OOLS, and FIDLERS,

nd the Mountebancks ZANIES.

With loud Laughter, and great Applauſe.

itten I know not when, by ſeveral Perſons, I know not who;
But now newly Collected by your Old Friend to pleaſe you,

FRANCIS KIRKMAN.

The Preface.

EPiſtles and Prefaces have of late been ſo much in fashion, that very few Dramatick Poems, Vulgarly called Plays, have been publiſhed, but what have been Uſhered by thoſe Cuſtomary Apologies; and ſo much Art and Learning have been uſed in them, that oftentimes a greater part of the Book hath been taken up in their compoſition. The intent of which Prefacing hath been alike in all to vindicate and juſtifie their own manner of writing, and decry others: Some have been wholly for Proſe, and others for Verſe; ſome for ſerious Language, and others for Farce, but all agree in this: That Plays are but Diverſions in what kind ſoever underſtood. This hath been the Cuſtom and Opinion of others. Now, leſt I ſhould appear ignorant of the faſhion, and thought uncapable to follow it, I am obliged to ſay ſomewhat too; but ſince I reſolve againſt any long Learned Diſcourſe, I ſhall only give you a taſte of my Experience, which I hope may be as divertive and pleaſant.

The moſt part of theſe Pieces were written by ſuch Penmen as were known to be the ableſt Artiſts that ever this Nation produced, by Name, Shake-ſpear, Fletcher, Johnſon, Shirley, and others; and theſe Collections are the very Souls of their writings, if the witty part thereof may be ſo termed: And the other ſmall Pieces compoſed by ſeveral

other Authors are such as have been of great fame in this last Age. When the publique Theatres were shut up, and the Actors forbidden to present us with any of their Tragedies, because we had enough of that in earnest; and Comedies, because the Vices of the Age were too lively and smartly represented; then all that we could divert our selves with were these humours and pieces of Plays, which passing under the Name of a merry conceited Fellow, called Bottom the Weaver, Simpleton the Smith, John Swabber, or some such Title, were only allowed us, and that but by stealth too, and under pretence of Rope-dancing, or the like; and these being all that was permitted us, great was the confluence of the Auditors; and these small things were as profitable, and as great get-pennies to the Actors as any of our late famed Plays. I have seen the Red Bull Play-House, which was a large one, so full, that as many went back for want of room as had entred; and as meanly as you may now think of these Drols, they were then Acted by the best Comedians then and now in being; and I may say, by some that then exceeded all now Living, by Name, the incomparable Robert Cox, who was not only the principal Actor, but also the Contriver and Author of most of these Farces. How have I heard him cryed up for his John Swabber, and Simpleton the Smith? In which he being to appear with a large piece of Bread and Butter, I have frequently known several of the Female Spectators and Auditors to long for some of it: And once that well known Natural

ural Jack Adams of Clarkenwel, seeing him with Bread and Butter on the Stage, and knowing him, cryed out, Cuz, Cuz, give me some, give me some; to the great pleasure of the Audience: And so Naturally did he Act the Smiths part, that being at a Fair in a Countrey Town, and that farce being presented, the only Master Smith of the Town came to him, saying, well, although your Father speaks so ill of you, yet when the Fair is done, if you will come and work with me, I will give you twelve pence a week more then I give any other Journey-Man. Thus was he taken for a Smith bred, that was indeed as much of any Trade.

And as he pleased the City and Countrey, so the Universities had a sight of him, and very well esteemed he was by the Learned, but more particularly by the Butler of one of those Colledges, who liking his Acting, and finding that those Representations were defective for want of a Prologue, being a dabler in Poetry, would needs write one, part of which I remember to be thus.

Courteous Spectators, we are your Relators,
Neither Tylers nor Slators, nor your Vexators,
But such who will strive to please,
Will you sit at your ease,
And speak such words as may be spoken,
And not by any be mistoken, *Cætera desiderantur, &c.*

Although I question not but the University afforded good

wits,

wits, and such as were well skilled in Poetry, *yet this was the best our* Butler *was infected with, which* Robert Cox *did speak, not as a* Prologue *at the beginning, but as a Droll in the middle of what he then Acted.*

Thus were these Compositions liked and approved by all, and they were the fittest for the Actors to Represent, there being little Cost in Cloaths, which often were in great danger to be seized by the then Souldiers; who, as the Poet sayes, Enter the Red Coat, Exit Hat and Cloak, *was very true, not only in the Audience, but the Actors too were commonly, not only strip'd, but many times imprisoned, till they paid such Ransom as the Souldiers would impose upon them; so that it was hazardous to Act any thing that required any good Cloaths, instead of which painted Cloaths many times served the turn to represent Rich Habits. Indeed* Poetry *and* Painting *are of Kin, being the effects of fancy, and one oftentimes helps the other, as in our ingenious and Rich Scenes, which shew to the Eye what the Actors represent to the Ear; and this* Painting *puts me in mind of a piece I once saw in a Country Inn, where was with the best skill of the Work-man represented King* Pharaoh, *with Moses and* Aaron, *and some others, to explain which figures was added this piece of* Poetry.

Here

ere *Pharaoh* with his Goggle Eyes does
ſtare on
he High-Prieſt *Moſes*, with the Prophet
Aaron.
hy, what a Raſcal
as he that would not let the People go to
eat the Phaſcal.

The Painting was every wayes as defective and lame as
e Poetry, *for I believe he who pictured King* Pharaoh,
d never ſeen a King in his Life, for all the Majeſty he
s repreſented with was goggle Eyes, that his Picture
ight be anſwerable to the Verſe. But enough of this Story,
ich pleaſing me, I muſt confeſs, I have forced in here,
ping it will pleaſe you too, and then I have my ends.
And now I will addreſs my ſelf to my particular Rea-
rs, and conclude. Beſides *thoſe who read theſe ſort of*
oks for their pleaſure, there are ſome who do it for profit,
ch as are young Players, Fidlers, *&c. As for thoſe*
layers who intend to wander and go a ſtroleing, this very
ook, and a few ordinary properties is enough to ſet them
, and get money in any Town in England. *And* Fidlers
rchacing of this Book *have a ſufficient ſtock for all Feaſts*
d Entertainments. And if the Mountebanck will but
carry

carry this Book, *and three or four young* Fellows to Act wh
is here ſet down for them, it will moſt certainly draw in A
ditors enough, who muſt needs purchce their Drugs, Potio
and Balſoms. *This* Book *alſo is of great uſe at Sea,*
well as on Land, for the merry Saylors in long Voyages,
the Eaſt or Weſt Indies; and for a Chamber Book *in gener*
it is moſt neceſſary to make Phyſick work, *and ceaſe the pa*
of all Diſeaſes; being of ſo great uſe to all ſorts and Sex
I hope you will not fail to purchace it, and thereby you w
oblige

Your Friend,

Fra. Kirkma

THE

The Black Man.

The Actors Names.

lack Man.
humpkin.
wo Gentlemen.
rush.
ſan.

Enter Thumpkin *and* Suſan.

mp. SWeet *Suſan* remember the words I have ſaid.
Suſ. I'le reſt on my *Thumpkin*, I'le do as I may.
Thump. Then ſoon in the night I will come to thy Bed,
d ſpend the whole time in ſweet pleaſure and play.
chace thee.
ſ. I'le embrace thee, my Love and delight.
mp. And ſpend the whole time in ſweet ſports of the night.
ſ. But what if you afterwards ſhould me miſlike;
not be contented to make me your Wife.
Thump. Ne're fear, I will ſtand to it if I do ſtrike,
ugh, *Sue*, it coſt poor *Thumpkin* his Life.
love thee.
ſ. I will prove thee, who-ever ſays no.
mp. Jog on then, my pretty *Suſan*; come, *Sue*, let us go.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Y'are well over-taken, Sir; whither so fast?

2. *Gent.* H'as got him a pretty Companion beside.

Thump. I'm jogging hard by, Sir.

1. *Gent.* Pray make not such haste. Are you the Groom Sir, and this your fair Bride?

Thump. Why, Sir.

2. *Gent.* You lye, Sir.

Thump. What a pox mean you by this?

1. *Gent.* Then see, Sir, we'l fee, Sir, your Lass with a kis

Thump. I thought your chaps water'd: Come, *Sue*, let us go W'ave paid for our passage, and now we are free.

2. *Gent.* Nay, soft, Sir, a while, it must not be so, You may go if you please, but your Lass stays with me.

Thump. Alas, Sir.

1. *Gent.* No pass, Sir, by this hand I protest; I speak now in earnest, I mean not in Jest.

Thump. In Jest, or in Earnest, I care not a pin; 'Tis not you bravado's shall bear her away.

2. *Gent.* Now soft, Brother *Roger*, pray what doth he mean

1. *Gent.* Perhaps in his Valour shew some bloody Fray.

Thump. O no, Sir.

2. *Gent.* Why so, Sir?

Thump. I mean not to fight.

1. *Gent.* Then pack, Sir; your back, Sir; get out of our sight

[*Exit* Thumpkin

2. *Gent.* Come, Sweet-heart, look not so sadly, All for the loss of a Countrey Clown; Prethee look merrily, Prethee look chearily,

Caſt away cares, and ſorrow down.
Suſ. How can I look merrily?
How can I look chearily?
All in the abſence of my Dear:
I cannot look merrily,
No, nor chearily,
Since my true Love is not hear.
1. *Gent.* Hold thee contented, thou ſhalt have thy liking;
We but for kindneſs put in for a ſhare:
Thou ſhalt get no harm by our ſtriking,
We'l play fair, and ſtake fair, and play ware for ware.

Enter Thumpkin.

Thump. As ye came from *Walſingham* ſaw ye not my Dear?
2. *Gent.* Truly Aged Father, no.
Thump. Ye lye, ye Rogues, ſhe's here. [*Aſide.*
She was as fair as fair might be, and of a comely hue.
1. *Gent.* Oh, ſuch a Laſs for my money.
Thump. More Whoring Rogue are you. [*Aſide.*
2. *Gent.* Prethee ſweet, give me thy hand;
Say, Deareſt, wilt be mine?
1. *Gent.* Nay, ſoft, my Friend, that muſt not be;
I will not yield her thine.
2. *Gent.* Sweet, by this Old Man ſtand thou then,
Whilſt he and I do try
Which ſhall bear the prize away.
Thump. And that I hope ſhall I. [*Aſide.*
[*They fight.*
And art thou here my own ſweet heart?
Suſ. Who is this I ſee?
Thnmp. I am thy *Thumpkin* ſtiff and ſtout,
Who hath fool'd them bravely.

Suſ. Nimbly then let us be gone,
Without all delay;
Thump. Whilſt they are fighting for the Bone,
I will bear the prize away. [*Exeu*
1. *Gent.* But ſoft, my Friend, why do we fight?
S'death, where is the VVench?
2. *Gent.* This Leacherous gray-beard hath us beguil'd,
And away hath born her hence.
1. *Gent.* Then let's like Lightning him purſue,
And for this Treacherous part,
VVe'l give the gray-beard Rogue his due,
S'death, I am vext at heart. [*Exeunt, loſing the Wenc*

Enter Thumpkin *and* Suſan.

Thump. Jog on, my pretty *Suſan*;
How lik'ſt thou my device?
I think I over-reach'd the Rogues,
And gull'd them in a trice.
Suſ. Thy wit has got my Liberty,
And freed me from all woe.
Thump. Jog on, Jog on, my pretty *Sue*;
Come, *Suſan*, let us go.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* You are well over-taken, Sir.
I'm glad I've found you out.
Thump. O woe is me, O woe is me;
They'l hang me out of doubt.
Look how my back-ſide trembles, and

See how my buttocks quake:
O woe is me, O woe is me,
VVhat Excuſe ſhall I make?

2. *Gent.* None at all, Sir; here's part of a Mornings purchaſe for you, get up.

[*They ſet him on a ſtool with a ſheet about him, like a Ghoſt.*

1. *Gent.* In this ſame plight, Sir, thus diſguis'd,
A mumming you muſt go.

Thump. I never got a VVench with Child,
VVhy ſhould you uſe me ſo?

1. *Gent.* No matter for your Wenching, Sir, if any body come,
Remember 'tis our will, that ſtill you anſwer all with mum.

Thump. But how if any Body, Sir,
Should ask me what's a Clock?

1. *Gent.* Then anſwer them with mum, you Slave.

Thump. Then they will think I mock.

2. *Gent.* No matter for their thinking, Sir,
If any body come;
Remember ſtill, it is our will,
You anſwer all with mum.

Thump. Mum, mum; *Sue, Sue,* mum.

1. *Gent.* Mum, you Slave. [*Exeunt two Gentlemen.*

Enter Bruſh.

Bruſh. Come buy a Bruſh --- Buy a Bruſh for your Cloaths,
To keep them from the duſt and Moths;
Handſill I will not forſake,
Lucky money I would take.
Come buy a Bruſh, on Table-Book, will ye buy a Bruſh ——

Thump. Mum ——

Brush. VVhat is this I do behold?
All my Joynts do quake with cold;
'Tis the Spirit of some lewd Knave,
Newly risen from his Grave:
And wandring from his home, doth fright
Those that walk i'th' dead of Night.
Gentle Spirit, tell to some
The cause of thy appearance——
Thump. Mum.
Brush. 'Tis a gentle Ghost I see,
He and I shall soon agree;
I'le Barter all the ware I've here
For Bottle Ale, and double Beer.
Come, come, come, to the next Red Lettice let us——
Thump. Mum.
Brush. VVhat, nothing but mum: Mum by your self, and be hang'd if you will. [*Exit running.*
Thump. O woe is me, was ever Man thus crost?
In this poor plight my wits I've almost lost.
My pretty *Sue*
I bid adieu;
And here like one that's dumb;
In this sad plight,
Much like a spright,
Must answer all with mum.
But 'tis no matter——
I'le turn my mum to ho, ho, ho;
And fright the next doth come or go.

Enter

Enter Black Man.

Black. Black I do cry.
Will you any of me buy?
Look on my Wares, and view them well; Cloaths I do want, and my money it is ſcant, and my Trade, pox on't, is but poor and bare. Buy black, buy my black Ware. Maidens if you will come and try your skill; I have black, buy my black, the beſt you e're did lack; come, a ſwop, a ſwop; be it old Boots, or Shooes, handſil not refuſe. Come buy my black Tinder-box; what is't you lack? How long ſhall I call and cry, e're handſil I take: Maidens buy, buy, buy; but ah to me, what's this I ſee? My mirth and glee is turn'd to grief.

Thump. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

Black. Oh, gentle ſpright, thy ghaſtly ſight does me affright, what ſhall I do?——

Thump. Man, forbear this place,
For none to hurt I ſeek;
Let not my ſhadow chace
Thy countenance from thy cheek.
Then Man forbear, this Garment wear, to all that comes or goes, to thy beſt skill, perform my will, by anſwering all with Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh. Who's that, Old Houſe?

Black. What *Thumpkin*? Old Houſe do's call me? If I had been an Old Houſe thou hadſt ſhaken me to pieces e're this: I'm ſure the Gable end of my Houſe began to open in the Joice. But why did you fright me ſo, *Thumpkin*?

Thump. Ah, Old Houſe, I have had the worſt luck.
Didſt thou not know my Sweet-heart?

Black. What, *Sue*, at the Church ſtile?

Thump. I, the ſame; a couple of Cony-catching Raſcals ave ſtoln her from me.

Black. What, were they Butchers, or Rabbet-men.

Thump. They might be Butchers by their ſlippery tricks, ut I take them to be Gentlemen, Cony-catchers, Smell-nocks, Tear-plackets. Now, Old Houſe, if thou wilt help ne to get her again, thou ſhalt have her Maiden-head, if hou canſt get it.

Black. Sayſt thou ſo? Well, a match if it ſtand. ut what muſt I do?

Thump. Why, do you take this Sheet, and do as I did.

Black. I, but who ſhall cry my Black?

Thump. Why, that will I; now hear. Come buy my black, ilicate black, who buys my black, dainty fine white black, ome buy my black. [*Exit.*

Enter Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Our Sentinel keeps well his ſtanding.

Black. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

2. *Gent.* But has not done to our commanding.

Black. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

1. *Gent.* Wherefore did he leave his mumming?

Black. Ho, ho, ho.

2. *Gent.* The reaſon was of our not coming.

Black. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

1. *Gent.* This Houſe is haunted ſurely, Brother.

Black. Ho, ho, ho.

2. *Gent.* See, here comes juſt ſuch another.

[*Enter* Thumpkin.

Black. Ho, ho, ho, ho.

1. *Gent.*

1. *Gent.* Brother, I think it is the Devil.
Black. Ho, ho, ho.
2. *Gent.* He's come to plague us for our evil.
Black. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho. [*Jumps off the Stool.*
A kind Young Man you have abuſed, fa la, fa la.
Thump. And in troth his Love miſ-uſed, fa la, la.
Black. Your furious Weapons ſtraight deliver, fa, la, la.
Thump. See how the Raſcals quake and quiver, fa, la, la.
Both. We do, we do, here, pray Sirs, take e'm, fa, la, la.
Black. Our looks do like an Ague ſhake e'm, fa, la, la.
Both. It does, it does, pray leave your roaring, fa, la, la.
Thump. Be gone, and ſay y'ave ſcapt a ſcouring, fa, la, la.
[*Exeunt.*

Venus

Venus and Adonis,
OR, THE
Maid's Philoſophy.

The Actors Names.

Venus.
Adonis.
Two Huntſ-men.

Enter Venus *and* Adonis.

Venus. *Adonis,* wilt thou now from me be gone?
And leave me here to mourn and ſigh alone?
Regards thou not the flower of my Youth:
Which of my tender Love t'haſt had ſuch proof?
Thou captivated haſt long ſince my heart,
And wilt thou now unkindly from me part?
O, do not go, the dangers very great;
Thy Death I much do fear it will create.

Adonis. Fai

Adonis. Fair Nymph, leave off to ſigh for me;
A quick return I'le make to thee.
No dangers in theſe Huntings are,
Therefore from grief I pray forbear:
Whilſt I am gone take thou my heart,
Which is of me the better part.
Then Deareſt ſigh no more in vain,
For I ſhall ſoon be back again;
And with ſuch Joys my Queen I'le Crown,
As ſhall unto the VVoods reſound.

Venus. Since you will go, proſperity
Attend you to Eternity.

Ado. The like to you, dear Saint, I wiſh,
With all the happineſs and bliſs
The gods can give, a while farewell,
When next we meet all will be well.

Venus. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Adonis *Hunting, and wounded.*

Ado. Ah, what a ſad unfortunate Man was I,
Not to obſerve the tears of her fair Eye.
Her ſweet perſwaſions not to have me go,
Still to her ſuit I ever anſwer'd no.
And yet, grim Death, it is not thee I fear,
For her alone is all my grief and care.
Adieu, fair *Venus*, adieu to thee a while,
Our future Joys will make us both to ſmile.

Enter

Enter Venus *seeing* Adonis *dead.*

Venus kneeling. A me, that e're I liv'd to see thy death
A woe is me!
What cruel Fate brought this sight hither?
Why did not we dye both together?
How sad and unhappy is my Fate,
Thus to be made unfortunate?
Farewell unto my dearest Love,
Untill that we do meet above.

Enter two Hunts-men.

1. *Hunt.* Ha, who is't that on yon place doth lye,
That is so stain'd with a vermilion dye?
2. *Hunt.* I know not truly, let us thither go.
1. *Hunt.* With all my heart, that we the truth may know
[*Going towards him*
Alas, we only thought to wound the Hart,
But now I see *Adonis* bears the smart.
Let's bear him hence, and speedily return,
And safe conduct him to his peaceful Urn.

Philet

Philetis and Conſtantia.

The Actors Names.

Philetis.	In Love with *Conſtantia.*
Philocritus.	Brother to *Conſtantia.*
Guiſcardo.	Rival to *Philetis.*
An Old Man.	Father to *Conſtantia.*
Conſtantia.	Siſter to *Philocritus.*

Enter Philetis.

Philetis. O *Cupid*, thou whoſe uncontrouled ſway
Do all Cæleſtial Deities obey.
O force *Conſtantia's* heart to yield to Love,
Of all thy works thy Maſter-piece 'twill prove:
O kindle flames in her like thoſe in me,
And grant that I her Beauty now may ſee:
And view thoſe Eyes that with their glorious light
Do only give contentment to my ſight.
Juſt like a Ship, whilſt every Mountain Wave
Threatens the Marriner with a gaping Grave;
Such is my caſe as doth my ſtate appear,
I like diſtracted between hope and fear.
Now to the Woods I'le go, and there complain;
No comfort can I have to eaſe my pain. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Constantia.

Const. To whom shall I my sorrows show?
Not to Love, for he is blind, and my *Philetis* doth not kno
The inward sorrows of my mind, and all these senseless W
that are round about me cannot hear. [E

Enter Philocritus, Constantia's *Brother*.

Philocri. The Crystal Brooks which gently run between
The shadowing Trees, and keep the Meadows green,
To hear *Philetis* tell his woful state,
In shew of grief run murmuring at his Fate.
His cause of sadness I intend to know,
Since unto him such Friendship I do owe.
Who leaves to guide the Ship whilst storms arise
Is guilty both of sin and Cowardize.
Behind some Tree I here my self will hide,
Perhaps I may remain by him unspy'd. [E

Enter Philetis.

Philet. Long have I staid, and yet have no relief,
Because she knows not of my killing grief:
Long have I Lov'd, yet have no favour shown,
Because I fear to make my sorrows known.
For why, alas, should she but once dart
At me disdain, would kill my subject heart:
But he who hath all sorrows born before,
Need not to fear to be oppress with more.

Enter Philocritus *from behind the Tree.*

Philocri. No longer now (my Friend) I can forbear;
My dear *Philetis*, by thy self I'le swear
To rule this passion, if it may not be,
Give to thy Love but Eyes, that it may see.
Philet. Amazement strikes me dumb; what shall I do?
Shall I reveal, or yet deny to show:
If I reveal my Love, I fear 'twill prove
A let, if not, it may his Anger move.
These doubts like *Scylla* and *Charbdis* stand,
Whilst *Cupid*, a blind Pilot, doth command.
But now I am resolv'd, my dear *Philocritus*,
Yet censure not, but give me leave to ease
My case with words, my grief you should have known e're
this, if that my heart had been my own; I am all Love, my
heart is all on fire, which kindles in my breast a flame.
Desire no Physick can re-cure my weak Estate;
My Wound is grown too great, too desperate.
Philocri. Yet there is no Physician can apply
The Med'cine e're he know the Malady.
Philet. Yet he who acquainteth others with his moan,
Adds to his Friend grief, but cureth not his own.
Philocri. That burden may be born with two with care,
Which is, perhaps, too great for one to bear.
Should mistrust your Love, to hide from me
Your thoughts, and tax you with inconstancy.
Philet. To sport with catching snares, which Love hath set,
Like a poor flye caught in *Arachnes* Net:
I have I sported with her beauteous light,
Till I at last grew blind with too much sight.

That

That so hath toucht my Love-sick Soul, that I
Shall live in torment, though each minute dye.

Philocri. Who is't, *Philetes*, that doth thee so move?
I may, perhaps, assist you in your Love.
My councel thus the error may reclaim,
Or my salt tears quench thy anoying flame.

Philet. Like *Ægypt's Nilus*, so my Eyes do flow,
Yet all the watry Planets I bestow
Is to my flames annoy like *Dodems* Spring:
That lights the Torch the which is put therein.
Yet she is call'd *Constantia*, tears the best
Expressors of true sorrow speak the rest.

Philocri. And is this all, what e're your grief will ease,
It shall be soon done by *Philocrites*.
Think all you wish perform'd, but see the day,
Tir'd with his heat, is hastning now away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Philetis *and* Constantia.

Phi. kneeling. Fairest of all whom the bright beams do cover,
Do not the sighs of a submissive Lover,
Do not these tears, these speaking tears despise,
First struck to Earth by your all dazling Eyes.
And do not you condemn that ardent flame
That from your self, from your own Beauty came:
And since it onely in your power doth lye
To kill or save, O help, or else I dye.

Constant. I for your pain am grieved, and would do,
My Honour sav'd, what e're may pleasure you.
But if beyond those limits you demand,
I must not answer, neither understand.

Philet. Beli

Philet. Believe me (Maiden) chaſte is my deſire,
As is thy thoughts, 'tis no diſhoneſt fire:
But as thy Beauty pure, which let not be
Eclipſed by diſdain and Cruelty.
Conſt. Ah, how ſhall I reply, my Dear, th'aſt won
My Love, and eke my heart y'ave overcome.
And if I ſhould deny thy Love, then I
Should prove a Tyrant to my ſelf and dye:
Impute it rather to my ardent Love,
And thy ſweet Beauty which did me ſo move.
Thoſe Eyes that drew like Load-ſtones with their might
The hardeſt heart one mind to leave me quite.
Philet. Oh, my Soul already feels the bliſs of Heaven, and
May I loſe all happineſs,
If once my thoughts e're tax thee e're I'm dead,
May the juſt gods pour vengeance on my head.

Enter Old Father, taking his Daughter by the hand.

Fath. Such bold Intruders hence I do deny,
To my Houſe without my Liberty;
Therefore depart, I charge you to forbear
My Daughters preſence here or any where.
Philet. Nay, good Sir.
Fath. Not at all, Sir.
Conſt. Farewell, my Love, hereafter wiſh to meet,
I do in one Tomb, one Winding-ſheet. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Philetis *and* Conſtantia.

Philet. Since now, my Dear, propitious is the time
To joy our Love, let us not then reſign

Up what we wish, for Opportunity
May soon the wings of Love out-flye:
Who lets slip Fortune, he shall seldome find,
Occasion once past by is bald behind:
For when your Father shall pursue the Hare,
If you'l be ready, I will meet you there;
Thence we'l depart with safety, and no more
With Dreams of pleasure, only heal our sore.

Const. Now I am wrapt in Joy, since you have found
A way to ease the torments of our wound.

Philet. Fairest, let's take an happy parting kiss,
Suspition hinders Loves immediate Bliss. [*Exeunt*

Running over the Stage a Hunting, Philetis *lyes in ambush and watcheth* Constantia; Guiscardo, Philetis *his Rival, finding him, runs him through the Body.*

Philet. Oh, see, *Constantia,* my short Race is run,
But live more happy then thy Love hath done.
See how my Blood the thirsty ground doth dye,
And when I'm dead, then think sometimes on me:
Mourn my short time permits me not to tell,
For Death now seizeth me; my Dear, farewell. [*Dyes*

Guiscardo *takes* Constantia *by the hand.*

Question not my intents, nor fill the Wood
With clamours loud, I'le do what's for your good:
You need not in contempt have thrown your heart
On poor *Philetis* here, you knew my smart.
Thus wrong my mind with sudden anger fill
And thus my Active hand your Minion kill.
Other affronts with patience I have born;
Revenges causes, or immediate scorn.

Ex

Enter Philocritus *with a drawn Sword, runs* Guiſcardo *through.*

Philocri. Nay ſtay, *Guiſcardo*, think not Heavens in jeſt,
This Sword I'le ſheath into thy Villains Breaſt:
'Tis vain to hope flight can ſecure thy State;
I'm ſent by *Jove* for to Revenge his Fate.
Thus, Villain, Traytor, thus thy Life I'le ſend
A Sacrifice t'appeaſe my ſlaughter'd Friend.
Guiſcardo. Thus I'le reward thee for thy Victory.
[*Runs* Philocritus *through.*
Philo. Farewell, *Conſtantia*, for I now muſt dye.
Conſt. My dear *Philocritus*, pray hear my cry:
Speak to thy Siſter. Yet no voice reply.
{*She runs to* Philocritus, *and kneels by him; and then ſtarts up, and runs to* Philetis, *and kneels,*
Oh ſtay, bleſt Soul, ſtay but a little here,
Whilſt I have time to Conquer ſudden fear;
Then to Elizian Manſion both together
We'l Journey, and be Married there for ever.
[*She takes him by the hand.*
Oh, my *Philetis*, for thy ſake will I
Make up a full and perfect Tragedy.
I'le follow thee, and not thy loſs deſplore,
Theſe Eyes that ſaw thee kill'd, ſhall ſee no more.
[*She takes up his Sword and falls upon it.*
Oh, my *Philetis*, now receive my Breath, [*Staggering.*
That flies to thee on the pale wings of Death. [*Dyes.*

King *Ahasuerus* and Queen *ESTHER*.

The Actors Names.

King.
Queen.
Haman.
A Messenger.

Enter King and Queen.

Ki. WHat would my Queen, what would you have of me?
Ask freely, and I'le give it unto thee:
Ask half my Kingdom, 'tis at thy command;
For who is it my power that dares withstand?

Queen. Then this, my King, is all; I humbly pray
That you and *Haman* will come here this day,
Unto a Feast that *Esther* will prepare,
Then to my King my grief I shall declare.

King. Call *Haman* forth: The Queen doth us invite
Part of a Banquet to partake this Night. [*Enter* Haman.
Therefore be sure you fail not to be there;
Me-thinks I long to taste of *Esther's* Cheer. [*Exeunt.*

Haman solus. Thus do all seek to purchace my regard;
And from my hand receive their due reward:
Yet *Mordecai* (proud Fool) he wont obey,
Derides his power, though *Haman* bears the sway.

Therefore

Therefore I'le not be quiet till I see
Proud *Mordecai* exalted on a Tree.
I'le to the King, who will not me deny,
Then raise a Gallows fifty Cubits high.

Enter King and Queen.

King. Now speak, my Queen, what is't of me you crave?
Ask freely, and I swear that you shall have
Your full demand, I will resign
Up half this Kingdom, if you will, 'tis thine.

Queen. It is my Life (great Sir) that I do crave,
And that my Peoples Lives you also save.
Had we been sold for Slaves, I'd held my Tongue,
And patiently would have endur'd the wrong.
But to be threatned every day with Death
Is worse then Death it self ———

King. Who is the Man? I'le make him ever rue,
Who durst attempt such cruel things to do:
For as I'm King, I'm bound to do you good;
And in your just defence I'le spend my Blood.

Queen. Haman's the Man, who in a little space
Threatens Destruction to the *Jewish* Race:
Oh, wicked man, he don't deserve to live,
The softest heart can him no pity give.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Most mighty King, by *Hamans* House hard by
There stands a Gallows fifty Cubits high,
Made for to Hang poor *Mordecai* the *Jew*,
Who ever has been faithful unto you.

King. Hang him thereon, let this Recorded be
To future Ages, as an Act from me.
Thus let imperious *Haman* be repaid,
And fall i'th' snares which he for others laid.

King Solomon's Wisdom.

The Actors Names.

King Solomon.
Two Harlots.
Executioner.

Enter King Solomon *Solus.*

Solo. I Am but Young, and in my tender Years,
Which over-whelms my heart with grief & fears
How shall *I Israel* Rule, that is so great?
Now *I* am plac'd upon my Fathers seat.
Heaven's grant me Wisdom, and *I* shall possess
Both Honour, Wealth, Long Life, and Happiness.
Where Wisdom goes before, we alwayes find
That temp'ral Blessings seldom stay behind.

Enter two Harlots.

1. *Harl.* Justice, my Liege, an Accident befel,
None can decide but King of *Israel*:
We two together in one House did Live,
And God to me a young Man-child did give.
Some three dayes after, this same shameless Mother
Was brought to Bed, deliver'd of another.

Shu

She in the Night-time did her Child or'e-lay,
And from my ſide my Infant ſtole away.
When all was dark ſhe from my Room did take
My pretty Babe before that I could wake;
And laid her dead Child in the room, but I
Awaking, to her with her Child did flye,
And taxt her with the Theft, but ſhe deny'd it;
Therefore, my gracious Liege, do you decide it.

2. *Harl.* Here's not one word of truth this Woman ſaid,
For my Child was the Living, hers the Dead.

King. Wonders on every ſide my Soul ſalute;
When I would ſpeak, diſtraction ſtrike me mute.
What Man is he that can this difference end?
For this poor Infant both theſe Dames contend.
This by her tears to be her due averrs,
And to'thers impudence proclaims it hers.
Come, Executioner, divide the breach;
Rip up the Child, and give one half to each.

Execut. I ſhall forthwith.

1. *Harl.* Forbear, great King, I'd rather you would have
My Life a Sacrifice: My Infant ſave.

2. *Harl.* Let it be parted, King, and ſplit a hare,
You, Executioner, I'le have my ſhare.

King. Now I have found where truth doth moſt abide,
'Tis in her hearty ſorrow, not thy Pride:
Thou couldſt not ſuch a ſhameful Mother be
To ſee the Babe ſlain in it's Infancy.
Take thou the Child, and theſe ſad thoughts deſtroy;
Let former griefs give place to future Joy.

Diphilo and Granida.

The Actors Names.

Diphilo.	A Shepherd.
Granida.	A Shepherdess.

Enter Diphilo *a Shepherd.*

Diph. I Once a Shepherd was upon the plains,
Courting my Shepherdess among the Swains.
But now that Courtly Life I bid adieu,
And here a melancholy Life pursue.
This shade's my covering, this bank my bed;
These flowers my Pillow, where I lay my head.
My Food the Fruit which grows about the Field;
My Drink those tears my Eyes with sorrows yield.
Though I was once a Shepherd Princely Born,
Yet now I take this course, and Live forlorn.

[*Espies* Granida.

But ha, what's here? What shining Beauty's this?
Which equally desires my shady bliss.

Gran. I'm lost in this dark Wilderness of care,
Where I find nothing to prevent despair.
No harmless Damsel wandring, no, nor Man:
I am afraid I shan't be found again.

am ſo thirſty, that I ſcarce can ſpeak.

Diph. Can ſhe grieve thus, and not my heart-ſtrings break?
Miracle of Beauty, for you are no leſs;
Water is waiting on ſuch happineſs.
It is as clear as Cryſtal, and as pure.

Gran. O bleſs me, Heavens, are you a Chriſtian ſure?

Diph. Madam, I am no leſs, pray quench your thirſt.

Gran. Kind Sir, I will, but let me thank you firſt. [*Drinks.*
Indeed 'tis good, but you muſt better be,
In being ſo courteous, as to give it me.

Diph. Praiſe it not, ſweeteſt Madam, for you know
On common Creatures this we oft beſtow:
If I had any worthy thing call'd mine,
I ſhould be proud to offer't to your Shrine.

Gran. Thou haſt enough, for Love hath ſhot his Dart,
And to thy Weeds I'le yield my Princely heart.

Diph. Your Beauty, Princeſs, I confeſs it may
Challenge an Empire, or a greater ſway;
Much more then is my worth, yet ſo much here
I am far more than what I do appear.

Gran. What e're thou art, believ't, I'le not repine;
If I am any thing, I'm ſurely thi[ne]

Diph. Then Heav'n receive m[e], the Palms ſhall move
When I'm inconſtant, or exchan[ge] Love.
Nay, if I wax but cold in my deſire,
Think Heaven hath motion left, and heat the fire.
And to cloſe all, take this; I love ſo true, [*Gives her a Ring.*
By Heav'n I ſwear to love none elſe but you.

Gran. Then lead on forward to my Fathers Court,
We'l grace our Nuptials with ſome Princely ſport.

Exeunt

WILTSHIRE TOM,
An Entertainment at Court.

The Actors Names.

Usher.	
Tom.	A *Witlshire* Man.
Mr. Edward.	A Courtier.
Madge.	A Countrey Wench.
Ruchard.	
Doll.	
Wilkin.	A Shepherd.
Lucinda.	A Shepherdess.

As soon as the Queen had taken her place, a Gentleman-Usher standing at the entrance of the Scene with a black Calot on his Head, and a Beard of the same Colour on his Chin. bestirring his staff much, and his tongue more, thus.

Usher. STand by, Make place, bear back, bear back.

The next thing that offer'd it self to the sight was a pleasant Countrey, for the most part Champain, from whence issued the Countrey Fellows, and first, Tom, *speaking to the Gentleman-Usher.*

Tom. By your leave, Mr. Jantleman.

Ush. Now, Sir, whare would you gang?

Tom. Where is the Queen, chud spoke with the Queen

Ush. Gang

Ush. Gang away, and be honged you Carle, you speak with the Queen.

Tom *having discover'd Mr.* Edward, *a Courtier, standing near the Queen, as looking on, calls to him.*

Tom. O Mr. *Tedward*, Mr. *Tedward.*

Mr. *Ed.* How now, *Tom*, what's the matter?

Tom. Good Mr. *Tedward.* Help me to spoke with the Queen.

Mr. *Ed.* With the Queen, *Tom*, why with the Queen?

Tom. Chave a Presence for Her.

Mr. *Ed.* Thou dost not mean thine own, *Tom*, she can hardly see a worse.

Tom. Chave a Million for her.

Mr. *Ed.* A Million, *Tom*, that were a Present for a Queen indeed. Let him come in, but who hast thou there to help thee to bring it?

Tom. Chad not thought you had been zicke a voole, Mr. *Tedward*, as if *I* were not suffocient to bring a Million my zell. Yes, though it were as big as a Pompeon.

Mr. *Ed.* O, your simile has made me understand you, but what great hopes are we fain from by this time, from ten hundred thousand pounds, to ten groats at the most. Well; thou woot deliver it *I* see; look about thee now, throw thy Eyes every way, and think which is the Queen.

Tom. Why, thonke you, Mr. *Tedward*, this gay Woman shud be she by her reparrel.

Mr. *Ed.* Away, you Ass.

Dost thou not see a Light out-shine the rest?

Two Stars that sparkle in a milky way,

Dimming the shine of *Ariadnes* Crown,

Or *Berenices* hair, and so serene,

Their influence speak peace unto a Kingdom,

But

But thy dull Eyes dazle at such a lustre;
Give me thy Present.

Tom. Soft and vair, Mr. *Tedward*, two words to a bargain. Chil not take all the pain, and lose the thonke too. Chave no skill of your vine words, or your Poultry, as the call it. Chave washt mine eyne enough: and che think thi so be the vairest Woman in the Company. Chill give it her at a venture: Mastris Queer, my Master, for valt of a better presence has sent you here a Million —— O 'tis here now. chud not be such an arrant Ass che warrant you, as when che was here last, che buss't *Madge* with my basket on my shoulder for once. Chil not trust these Court-nols no further then che can zee u'm. —— How like you it, vorzooth, me-think it is but vooliſh meat. O a Pumpion bak'd in the Oven, as *Madge* will handle it, were meat for a Queen indeed, nay, as good as any Counteze in Cursendome cud wush.

Mr. *Ed.* Well, Sir, since you have redeem'd your credit, trouble her Majesty no more. Be gone.

A Violin plays, at which Tom *looks about, as one amaz'd.*

Tom. What, a Munstrel! This is aumost as good as a Paip i'faith. Good Mr. *Tedward*, if you have any business, go about it, for mine own part che mean to make Holy-day to day, don't zee chave my Holy-day reparrel on, and *Madge* has hers on too. O for *Doll*, and *Ruchard* now; had they but thought of a Munstrel, the Headborough shud not have kept them a whom:, nor their Lasses neither.

Madge *from within.*

Ma. O, see where our *Thomac* is: *Thomas*, *Thomas*, shall we come in?

Tom. Who calls *Thomas*. Whoop: *Mage*, and *Richard* and *Garvase*. —— Pray good Mastris Queen, spoke to the man with the broad speech to let *Mage* & her vellows in

sha

hall zee how fine we'l voote it, and when che come next, chill ring you zick a Cabbege shall be worth ten Millions. You an with the black dish on your head! *Madge* and her vel-wes must come in, zo they must. Come in, *Madge*, come *Ruchard*, Now goodman Munstrel as thou loveſt Ale ſtrike p, doſt hyre, man, play me *Wiltſhire Toms delight*, and chill wet thoſe whiskers of thine in nappy Ale, and beſides chill ather groats a piece of all the company, if thou wert a pai-er ſhud be worth ſix pence a piece to thee: hold, *Ruchard*, t *Doll* ſerve you, take *Jugg*, *Gervaſe*, and chill ha *Madge* for y zell, and hay for our Town.

The Country dance.

ichard offers to kiſs Madge in the dance.

Tom. Hands off, *Ruchard*, chill talk with you by and by.

The dance ended.

Tom. Vellow, che tell thee, chill not put this up. Zdag-ers death, buſs *Madge* vore my vace?

Ruc. Why ſhud not buſs *Madge*, chave as much right to er as your zell, you can ſpoke with a better grace che confeſs hen my zell, youd be loth though to play at waſters with me r her, chud zo veize your gambrels.

Doll. Nay, good *Richard* let *Thomas* alone, *Thomas* is not tall a man of his hands as your ſelf, *Richard*.

Ma. I, but *Thomas* is a man of good parts though, *Dorothy*; e can zing and paipe, and dance with the beſt in our hundred, d for a voote, and a legg at end out, is *Richard* comparable ink you?

Tom. Well ſaid for thine own, *Madge*.

Ma. I tell you, *Dorothy*, with reverence to the co[illegible], *homas* can read and write his own name, and for a neec[illegible] p the high Conſtable to write his. He is a learn'd man, d what can *Richard* do, play a little at waſters, and make

the

the blood (God bleſs us) run abount his vellowes eares at Wake, but turn him to ſpeak to one of us, he cant ſay *bogh* a Gooſe.

Ric. Cont I zo? Che can do though, an't were not ſo making the Company againſt, chud ſo job you and your Sweet hearts nolls toge ther, zo che wud.

Doll. How, *Richard*, ſtrike a Maid, *Richard*, *I* hope when we are Married you won't ſtrike me, *Richard*.

Ric. Che cont tell whare youle gi'me cauſe, cham as likely as no.

Doll. If you do, *I'le* find ſome body to ſtrike in your place *Richard*.

Ma. And truly *Dorothy* ſo my Dame does, if her good-man fall out with her, ſhe has a Friend in a corner, to fall in with her preſently.

Tom. I, and reaſon good, *Madge*, one Houſe would never hold them elſe. Come, *Madge*, before this Company, ſhall we make a match?

Ma. Fie, *Thomas*, you never askt me the queſtion.

Tom. Why, don't I now?

Ma. *I*, but you ſhud ha done that before now in private *Thomas*.

Tom. No matter, *Madge*, we have burſt gold together which is all one.

Ma. *Indeed* and zo it is, but you that are ſo good a ſpoke man, *Thomas*, ſhud have uttered your mind before now, mun *I* gueſs by your looks think you?

Tom. Why, what ſhud zay? if thoult ha'me, chill have thee, *Madge*; what ſhuds make many words of nothing, but and the match is made. *Ruchard*, gi'me thy viſt. Take D *Madge*; and all Friends. Here's my hand, *Ruchard*, ch take thy part againſt this Town and the next.

Ric. A

Rich. And thou zaiſt zo, chill take thine, and chill ſo veeze the Taylor of *Amsburies* Coat at the next Wake.

Here enters a Shepherd clad in a Coat of freeze, and a Shepherdeſs in the like manner, habited with broad Hats on their Heads, and Hooks in their Hands: To theſe Tom *ſpeaks.*

Tom. O *Wilkin*, you come a day after the vaire, ſhud ha come zooner, Man. Welcome, *Maul*, Maſtriſs Queen, you don't know who this *Wilkin*, or who this *Maul* is, chill tell you. Theſe twain were vengeance in Love one with other, as might be my zell and *Madge* for all the World. *Maull* here had a very peſtilence woman to her Mother, as might be *Madges* Dame, you know, *Madge*, your Dame is a very veirce woman.

Ma. Yes truly *Thomas*, that ſhe is, as any in *Wiltſhire*, though I ſay it.

Tom. Now, that Mother being a peſtilence woman, as I ſed before, wood by no means poſſible that theſe twain, loving wretches, ſhud be man and wife together, cauſe *Wilkin* had not zeepe enough vorzooth, vor that Mother was damnation covetous: Yet for all that, *Maull* being a parlous Wench, as you zee, ſtole from her Mother, and clapt up the Match between um, her Mother being as ingrant of it as you are. Now, all the Pariſh wondred why ſhe ſhud be led into a vooles Paradice by him, you zee there are them in place be as proper as him zell very inch, but when all came to all, ſhe zed ſhe was led away with his ſinging vorzooth. Now, to zay troth, he zings well, though he be nothing comparable to the Munſtrel, that zung the zong of Short-coat, when you were here laſt, vor all that, you ſhall hear him zing a bomination vyne zong of his love to *Maull*. Zing, *Wilkin*, we'le get leave to ſtay zo long. What, che think thou wants a Viddle, chill vetch thee a Viddle, man, if there be a Viddle in the Houſe.

He

He goes in, and brings out a Theorbo.

Che can borrow no Viddle but this, and here's one aumost as long as a May-pole; prithee make zhift for once.

The Shepherd takes the Theorbo *and sings.*

THE SONG. *Shepherd. Lucinda.*

Sh. DId not you once, Lucinda, vow
You would Love none but me?

Lu. *I, but my Mother tels me now*
I must love wealth, not thee.

Sh. *'Tis not my fault my Sheep are lean,*
Or that they are so few.

Lu. *Nor mine, I cannot love so mean,*
So poor a thing as you.

Sh. *Cruell; thy Love is in thy power,*
Fortune is not in mine.

Lu. *But Shepherd, think how great my dowre*
Is in respect of thine.

Sh. *Ah me!* Lu. *Ah me!* Sh. *Mock you my grief?*

Lu. *I pity thy hard Fate.*

Sh. *Pity for Love is poor relief,*
I'd rather choose thy hate.

Lu. *But I must Love thee.* Sh. *No.* Lu. *Believe,*
I'le seal it with a kiss,
And give thee no more cause to grieve,
Then what thou find'st in this.

Sh. Lu. *Be witness then you powers above,*
And by these holy bands,
Let it appear that truest Love
Grows not from wealth, or Lands.

After the Song.

Tho. Well, we'l take our leaves for this time, when you have a mind to more of this, tell but Mr. *Tedward*, and we'l come at a whistle.

OENONE

OENONE, A *Pastoral.*

The Names of the Persons.

Amintas, *Dorilas* — Two Shepherds in Love with *Oenone.*

Strephon, *Dorus* — Two other Shepherds.

Hobbinall, *God Pan.*, *Satyrs.*, *Punch.* — A Rustick Swain, conceited that *Oenone* is enamored of him.

Oenone.
Amarillis.
Cloris.
Phillis.
Margery.

Enter Dorilas, *as coming to the place where* Oenones *Birth-day is to be Celebrated.*

Dorilas.

THis is the place, the way me-thought was long,
And my slow pace did my affection wrong.

For who is he that would not wing his haſt,
When by *Oenone's* eyes he ſhall be grac'd?
Moſt potent Shepherdeſs who haſt power t'enthrall
Not only my poor heart alone, but all.
For every one that reigns here, ſtrives to be
Rather her captive, then at liberty.
Her eyes do perfectly two Suns preſent,
And yet but one graces the Firmament:
The colour of her lips doth juſtly ſhow
Like that of *Cherries* when they kindly grow;
And ſuch a form they have, they may entice
To think ſuch only grew in Paradice.
The Lambs are fatter that by her do feed,
And all her Ewes more frequently do breed
Then any Shepherds, and do yield each year
A larger fleece then any others bear;
As if ſhe brought a miracle to paſs,
And fed them with her looks more then the graſs.
If then ſhe will (when other Shepherds ſtand
To beg a favour from her eyes or hand)
Eſteem me moſt, my poor heart then will be
Taught the true ſenſe of a felicity.
But ſoft, —— me-thinks from yonder grove I hear
Voyces that are familiar to my ear,
I'le not go to them; for *Love* ſays my duty
Is to attend none but *Oenone's* beauty. [*Exi*

A Dialogue ſung between Dorus *the Shepherd and* Cloris *the Shepherdeſs.*

Cloris.

YOu have forgot then (*Dorus*) your proteſt.
Dor. No, I have not, my *Cloris*, 'tis confeſt.
Clor. But yet I ſaw you ſlide
A Garland neatly ty'd
Into *Urania's* hand; let it ſuffice,
Though *Love* be blind, *Lovers* have many eyes.
Dor. Will you appear ſo ſtrangely full of paſſion?
Clor. I have cauſe to fear diſſembled love's in faſhion.
Dor. Then why did you, I pray,
With *Strephon* ſport and play?
You kiſt and danc'd, till day was paſt its prime,
And all the while my heart did beat the time.
Clor. May I not dance, or harmleſly be kiſt?
Dor. So I may chance give garlands if I liſt.
Clor. But when you are ſo free,
Me-thinks you ſteal from me.
For every Lover will this Text approve,
There's charity in all things but in Love.
Dor. That day the ſtorm fell to be true you ſwore,
Clor. When the Sun ſhin'd again, you vow'd much more.
Dor. Thoſe faithful vows I made,
were by your ſelf betraid:
For I have learn'd to know it is my due,
To be no conſtanter in love than you.

Chorus.

Then jealousies be gone, and keep my sheep,
Lest the Wolf should make their number small,
But we nothing command shall keep,
But will, and Cloris *will is all.*

Enter Amintas *and* Dorilas.

Amint. Shepherd, thy love is most unnatural:
For Nature does command friendships observance,
But by the fond desires thy heart is fil'd with,
Thou prov'st thy self ungrateful.

Dor. That Character was never coveted,
Nor must I wrong my innocence so much,
Not to demand a reason of this slander.

Amin. I will produce the truth thou wouldst profess,
A witness 'gainst thy self: How oft have I
With care and industry preserv'd thy Flock?
And when thy tender Lambs have been in danger,
How many times have I oppos'd the Wolf,
And made my strength defender of their weakness?
And when thy self hast followed idle pastimes,
Thy Flocks and mine have still been twin'd together,
Till by my vigilance I have instructed
The enemies to Shepherds and their Flocks.
They were to fear me, as thy sheep did them.
Nor have I had a thought (except those dear ones
That have been busied by *Oenone's* vertues)
Which has not still paid tribute to thy friendship.

Dor. You then would have prerogative in love,

And leave no priviledge to me but friendſhip,
If you allow *Oenone* vertuous,
And that her eyes have power to pierce all hearts,
Why ſhould the man which you will call a friend,
Be baniſht from the bleſt ſociety
Of thoſe who are her ſervants? 'Twere a crime
Againſt her beauty to believe ſhe ſhould
Merit but one mans ſervice; he which reigns here,
I know muſt love, and that neceſſity
Makes rivals neceſſary.

Streph. 'Tis a truth
I muſt acknowledge, pardon me, my friend,
I find the Nymph *Oenone* is too worthy;
Yet her perfections (were they centupled)
Shall not diſſolve, nor in the leaſt diminiſh
What has been formerly eſteem'd a triumph,
Which is, a perfect friendſhip.

Dor. In that confidence
Thus we unite again ——— But who comes here?

Enter Hobbinall *with a paper in his hand.*

Streph. 'Tis *Hobbinall*,
One that believes 'tis but *Oenone's* duty
Directly to confeſs her ſelf beholding
To him for his affection: he ſuppoſes
That his deſerts are greater then her beauties,
And is as confident the fair Nymph loves him,
As we are that ſhe does not; yet his fortune
Is more to be commended then our fate;

For she is pleas'd to smile at his rude actions,
The best of our endeavours are not valued.

Dor. What paper's that he ruminates upon? Let us observe a little.

Hob. 'Tis a strange thing, I find my self out every day more then other, to be one of the understandingst, sweetest, neatest, and compleatest Shepherds that ever took hook in hand. Tother day I saw my face in a pail of water, and I had much ado to forbear drowning of my self: 'tis no wonder then, that the beauteous Nymph *Oenone* makes much of me, and lets all the other Shepherds shake their ears like Asses; And the truth is, if I can find never a handsomer she shall serve the turn. This was her Birth-day, she being born in the year —— one thousand, six hundred, —— nay, hold a little; but on this day of the month it was, Winter or Summer, in the honour of which we all keep holiday; and therefore for the credit of her beauty, and the honour of my own Poetry, have made such a Copy of Verses on her, as will make her a thousand times handsomer then ever she was in her life. ——
I will peruse them now with the eyes of understanding.

He Reads.

OEnone *fair, whose Beauty does enrich us,*
Tell me the cause why thou dost so bewitch us.
On this day thou wert born, though not begotten,
This day I'le think on when th'art dead and rotten.
And though thy coyness and thy pretty scorn
Makes many wish that thou hadst ne're been born.

Yet

Yet for my own part this I'le ſwear and ſay,
I wiſh thy time of Birth were every day.

If ſhe do not run mad for love of me now, 'tis pity ſhe ſhould have Verſes made on her as long as ſhe lives.

Streph. Let's interrupt him —— *Hobbinall*, well met.

Hob. It may be ſo.

Dor. But why ſo ſtrange, man? I hope you will remember we are your fellow Shepherds.

Hob. You were once, but now I command you to know, I am a Maſter Shepherd; for the fair Nymph *Oenone*, that makes all your mouths run over with water, does acknowledge me to be both Maſter and Miſtreſs.

Streph. In part 'tis true, yet if you well conſider, ſhe makes you but her ſport, no otherwiſe.

Hob. If ſhe make me her ſport, 'tis more then ever ſhe can make of thee: for thou art one of the ſowreſt lookt fellows that ever crept out of a vinegar-bottle.

Enter Oenone.

Dor. Here comes the faireſt *Idea* ever nouriſht.

Hob. I will accoſt her.

Streph. Forbear a while, good *Hobbinall.*

Oenone. It was my fault
To be ſo credulous; but 'twas his ſin
To be ſo laviſh of his proteſtations.
Oh *Paris*, *Paris*, thy inconſtant nature
Argues the fickleneſs which Poets fanſie
In women, but a Fiction.

I that have formerly acknowledg'd thee
The onely person meriting respect,
Must now produce this thy particular falshood,
As one to dare example; let no more
The Shepherds be at strife to please *Oenone*,
Let every May-pole-meeting, every feast,
Be honour'd by a happier Nymph then I,
To be the Mistress of those harmless pastimes.

Dor. Hail to the Nymph that graces *Idaes* vale,
Accept my service at this dayes solemnity.

Streph. And if the same from me can be accepted,
Nothing so pleasing is as to present it.

Hob. I, you may talk as finely as you will, but when I come to speak once, I'm sure you will be kickt off.

Oen. What you profess may well claim an acceptance.

Hob. Now will I see who is the most deserving Shepherd in all the vale of *Idae* —— little rogue, how dost thou?

Oenone. O *Hobbinall*, you are welcome, I thought you had forgot me, you are my sport, and should be ever near me.

Hob. Look you there, I am her sport she says; when will she give any of you such an honourable Title: but Sport, I do not think but thou art a Conjurer, or a Witch, or a Devil at least; for thou hast infused such a combustion of Poetry in my head, that I fear I shall never be my own man again, nor my Masters neither. —— There's a Copy of Verses, read 'um; nay, they are my own, as sure as my name's *Hobbinal.*

Oenone. I thank you, Sport, I'le study a requital.

Enter

Enter Amintas, Dorus, Amarillis, Cloris, *and* Phillis.

Amintas. Fair one, we come to celebrate this day
With other Shepherds who admire and joy,
To know ſo fair a creature as your ſelf
At this time of the year made the world happy.

Phil. And we as bound to honour you (the faireſt) that ever grac't our ſex, are come to attend upon your recreations.

Oenone. Your expreſſions,
(As they cauſe bluſhes) do exact a thanks.

Dor. Honour me
With your fair hand, Nymph, that I may lead
The way to all thoſe paſtimes which will follow.

Oenone. The honour is to me, and I accept it.

Hob. I'de laugh at that; no, *Sport*, I'le dance with thee my ſelf.

Oenone. Some other time,
By chance I may be at leiſure.

Hob. Will you not? well, by this hand then I'le ſtand out and laugh at every thing you do, right or wrong.

A Dance.

Pſhaw, waw, this dancing is like my Mothers Mares trot; *Sport*, ſhall I ſhew thee a Dance of my own faſhion?

Oenone. It cannot but content.

Hob. Nay, I know that; heark hither, Lads. [*Ex.* Hob. Str.

Oenone. Thus

Oenone. Thus I beguile my paſſion, ſhadowing over
With a falſe veil of mirth, my real ſorrows;
For when time takes an end, not all the ſtories
Which ever did lament forſaken Lovers,
Shall ſhew a parallel to my misfortune.
My griefs ſhall ſtay, when all my joys depart,
And nothing but ſad thoughts ſhall fill my heart.

Enter Punch.

Punch. I will juſtifie that a Man had better have the Devil Ride through his guts with a brambill of Briars at his Arſe then to be in Love; but, as the Devil will have it, here ſhe comes that is the cauſe of it. [*Enter* Margery.
Whither ſo faſt, fair *Margery?*

Mar. To meet you.

Punch. O happy day: pox on't, here's *Hobbinall* too.
[*Enter* Hobbinall.
Oh thou that art the faireſt in the bunch,
Pity the panting paunch of pining *Punch.*
Thou art my lovely Trollop.

Hob. Punch, you lye.

Mar. Nay, if you fall out I'le leave your company.

Hob. O ſtay thou ſweet, ſoft, ſilkin ſlipe of ſin,
We both fall out, becauſe we can't fall in.

Mar. I cannot have you both, but if you two
Will obey all I order you to do,
I will have one of you;
And it ſhall be he
Who ſerves in my commands moſt ſpeedily.

Both. Agreed,

Both. Agreed, agreed.

Mar. And to begin this conteſt,
Let me but ſee now who can woo me beſt.

Hob. Well, I will begin with ſome Verſes I made upon your good parts.

Mar. Come, proceed.

Hob. Your black Eyes ſhine like blacks in blume of bean,
Cheeks bluſh like new-cut Bacon fat and lean.
Your dobil tire of Teeth do ſhew forſooth,
Whiter then Ivory, or abithes Tooth.
Your voyce like Bird in Hedge in time of Spring,
Does even bewitch my ſenſes when you ſing.

Punch. To ſum up all, in this he calls you Witch,
A Bean-ey'd Hedge-Bird, and a Bacon-fac'd Bitch.
Come, now for me, ſtand as you did before.

Mar. No, be commanded, I will hear no more.
But to end all, let us advance
Our active Trotters in a Countrey Dance.

Punch, Hobbinall, *and the Shepherds dance a Morris.*

Hob. How like you this, *Sport*,

Oenone. Beyond Expreſſion, *Sport*;
I ſee your Vertues were conceal'd too long.

Hob. I, ſo they were, but I mean to ſhew them every day as faſt as I can. But ſirrah, *Sport*, yonder's God *Pan*, with a company of the braveſt Satyrs that ever wore horns on their heads: come, Shepherds, let's go make them drunk, and ſaw off all their horns. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Pan.

Pan. Hail to that Nymph that graces *Idaes* Vale,
Whoſe beauty adds a Luſtre to all thoſe
That do acknowledge *Pan* as their chief Patron.
Not any *Satyr* henceforth for thy ſake,
Shall own the nature he was bred withall.
But all their actions ſhall be like thy beauty,
Smooth and delightful, and when thou commandeſt,
Sweet *Philomel* ſhall quite forget her Rape,
And overcome with joy that thou art preſent,
Joyn with the other birds in chearful notes.
The very trees ſhall entertain no whiſper
From the rude winds, but what ſhall pleaſe thy ear,
And when thou ſpeak'ſt the beaſts ſhall dance more nimbly,
Then when the *Thracian Orpheus* charm'd their ſenſes.
And every object that can yield delight,
Shall be *Oenones* vaſſall: in the mean time,
I, and thoſe *Satyrs* that attend my perſon,
Will move in dance, to let *Oenone* find,
She can make gentle a rough *Satyrs* mind.

Oenone. Since my weak fortune knows no retribution,
But my weak thanks, accept them, being preſented.

Pan. Approach then, *Satyrs*, and let each one ſtrive
To expreſs the ſervice due unto *Oenone*.

A dance of Satyrs.

Oenone. Now honor me to grace my Bower a while,
Where I will ſtrive to let my Patron prove,
How fain I would be grateful to his love. [*Exeunt.*

The

THE Merry conceited Humours OF *Bottom* the *Weaver*.

The Names of the Actors.

Quince the Carpenter, who ſpeaks the Prologue.
Bottom the Weaver.
Flute the Bellowſ-mender.
Snout the Tinker.
Snug the Joyner.
Starveling the Taylor.
Pyramus. *Thisbe*. *Wall*. *Lion*. *Moonſhine*. } Who likewiſe may preſent three Fairies.
Oberon King of the Fairies, who likewiſe may preſent the Duke.
Titania his Queen, the Dutcheſs.
Pugg. a Spirit, a Lord.

Enter Bottom the Weaver, Quince the Carpenter, Snug The Joyner, Flute the Bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starveling the Taylor.

Bottom. COme, Neighbours, let me tell you, and in troth I have ſpoke like a man in my daies, and hit right

right too, that if this buſineſs do but pleaſe his Grace fancy, we are made men for ever.

Quince. I believe ſo too, Neighbour, but is all our company here?

Bot. You had beſt to call them generally man by man according to the Scrip.

Qu. Here is the ſcrowl of every mans name which I thought fit through all *Athens*, to play our Interlude betwee the Duke and the Dutcheſs on his Wedding day a night.

Bot. Firſt good *Peter Quince* ſay what the Play treats o then read the names of the Actors, and ſo grow on to point.

Qu. Marry our Play is the moſt Lamentable Comedy, an moſt cruel death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

Bot. A very good piece of work I aſſure you, and a merry now good *Peter Quince* call forth your Actors by the Scrow Maſters ſpread your ſelves.

Qu. Anſwer as I call you, *Nicholas Bottom* the Weaver

Bot. Ready, name what part I am for, and proceed.

Qu. You *Nic. Bottom* are ſet down for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a Lover, or a Tyrant?

Qu. A Lover that kills himſelf moſt gallantly for Love

Bot. That will ask ſome tears in the true performing o it, If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes: I will mov ſtorms, I will condole in ſome meaſure, to the reſt, yet m chief humour is for a Tyrant. I would play *Ercles* rarely or a part to tear a cat in two, make all ſplit, the raging Rock and ſhivering ſhocks ſhall break the locks of Priſon gate and *Phœbus* carr ſhall ſhine from far, and make and mar th

he fooliſh fates: Now name the reſt of the Players. This is Ercles reign, a Tyrants reign, a Lover is more condoling.

Qu. *Francis Flute* the Bellowes-mender.

Flut. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Qu. You muſt take *Thisbe* on you,

Flute. What is *Thisbe*, a wandering Knight?

Qu. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* muſt love.

Flute. Nay faith, let not me play a woman I have a beard coming.

Qu. That's all one, you ſhall play it in a maſk and you may ſpeak as ſmall as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbe* too. I'le ſpeak in a monſterous little voice *Thisne Thisne*, ah *Pyramus* my lover dear, thy *Thisbe* dear, and lover dear.

Qu. No, no, you muſt play *Pyramus*, and *Flute* you *Thisbe.*

Bot. Well, proceed.

Qu. *Robbin Starveling* the Taylor.

Star. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Qu. *Robbin Starveling* you muſt play *Thisby's* mother. *Tom Snout* the Tinker.

Sno. Here, *Peter Quince.*

Qu. You *Pyramus* father, my ſelf *Thisby's* father. *Snug* the Joyner you the Lyons part; and I hope there's a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the Lyons part written? Pray you if it be, give it me for I am ſlow of ſtudy.

Qu. You may do it *Ex tempore* for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the Lyon too, I will roar that I will do any mans heart good to hear me, I will roar that I will make

make the Duke ſay, let him roar again, let him roar again.

Qu. If you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſs and the Ladyes that they would ſhrike, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang every Mothers Son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, that if they ſhould fright the Ladyes out of their wits, they ſhould have no more diſcretion but to hang us, but I will aggravate my voice ſo, that I will roar you as gentle as any Sucking Dove, I will roar and twere any Nightingal.

Qu. You can play no part but *Pyramus*, for *Pyramus* is a ſweet-faced man, a proper man, as one ſhall ſee in a Summers day, a moſt lovely Gentleman like man, therefore you muſt needs play *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it, what beard had I beſt play it in?

Qu. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it either in your ſtraw coloured beard, your Orange Tawny beard, your purple in grain beard, or your French crown coloured beard, your perfect Yellow.

Qu. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all; and then you'l play bare-faced. But maſters here are your parts, and I am farther to entreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to con them by to morrow night, and meet me in the Palace Wood a mile without the Town by moon-light, there we will rehearſe, for if we meet in the City we ſhall be dogged by company, and our devices known; in the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, ſuch as our play wants; I pray fail me not.

Bot.

Bot. We will meet, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and Couragiously. Take pain. Be perfect. Adieu.

Qu. At the Dukes Oak we meet?

Bot. Enough, hold, or cut Bowstrings —— ⟧ *Exeunt.*

Enter Oberon King of the Fayries and Pugg a Spirit.

Ob. I am resolved, and I will be revenged
Of my proud Queen *Titania's* injury,
And make her yield me up her beloved Page;
My gentle Pugg come hither, thou Remembrest
Since that *I* sat upon a Promontory,
And heard a Mermaid on a Dolphins Back;
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude Sea grew civil at her Song;
And certain States shot madly from their Sphears,
To hear the Sea-maids musick.

Pugg. I remember.

Ob. That very time I saw (but thou couldest not)
Flying between the cold Moon and the earth
Cupid all armed, a certain aim he took
At a fair Vestal throned by the west;
And loo'st his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft
Quench in the chast beames of the watry Moon.
And the Imperial Votress passed on
In maiden meditation fancy free,
Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell;
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk white, now purple with loves wound,
And maidens call it *love in Idleness*;

Fetch me that flower, the herb I shew'd thee once,
The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid.
Will make or man or woman madly Dote
Upon the next live Creature that it sees;
Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again
E're the Leviathan can swim a league.

Pugg. I'le put a Girdle about the earth in forty minutes.
[*Exit.*

Ob. Having once this juyce;
I'le watch *Titania* when she is a sleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes,
The next thing when she waking looks upon
(Be it on Lyon, Bear, or Wolf, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on busie Ape)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love;
And e're I take this Charm from off her sight
(As can take it with another herb)
I'le make her render up her page to me.
Welcome, wanderer; what, ar't return'd with it?

Pugg. I, there it is.

Ob. Come, give it me?
There is a bank *Titania* useth oft
In nights to sleep on, but see where she comes.
[*Enter Queen and Fairies.*
I'le stand aside, you may depart. [*Exit Pug.*

Qu. Come, now a Roundel and a fairy song
To please my eye first, then intice me sleep,
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fayries first Dance, and then sings 1.

Ten Spotted Snakes with double tongue;
Thorny Hedg-hoggs be not seen,

Newts

Newts and blind worms do no wrong,
Come not near our Fairy Queen:
Philomel with melody
Singing your ſweet Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Ne're harm, nor ſpell nor Charm
Come our lovely Lady by:
So good-night with lullaby.

2. *Fairy.* Weaving ſpiders come not here;
Hence you long-ledg'd ſpinners, hence,
Beetles black approach not near;
Worm nor ſnail do no offence:
Philomel with melody, &c.

1. *Fairy.* Hence, away, now all is well
On a loof ſtand Centinel. [*Exeunt Fairies.*

Ob. What thou ſeeſt when thou doſt wake { *Oberon comes to her and touches her eye lids.*
Do it for thy true love take,
Love and languiſh for his ſake;
Be it Ounce, or Cat, or Bear,
Pard or Boar with Briſtled hair,
In thine eye that ſhall appear,
When thou awakeſt it is thy dear;
Wake then, ſome vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter Bottom, Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Bot. Are we all met?

Qu. Pat, pat, and here's a mervellous convenient place for our rehearſall. This green Plot ſhall be our ſtage, This hawthorn Brake our tyring houſe, and we will do it in action as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter *Quince.*

Qu. What ſayſt thou, *Bully Bottom*?

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Pyramus* and *Thisby* that will never pleaſe; firſt, *Pyramus* muſt draw a Sword to kill himſelf, which the Ladyes can't abide, how anſwer you that?

Snout. Berlaken a parlous fear.

Star. I beleive we muſt leave the killing out, when all's done.

Bot. Not a whit, I have advice to make all well. Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue ſeem to ſay we will do no harm with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus* is not killed indeed: and for the more better aſſurance tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weaver, this will put them out of fear.

Qu. Well, we will have ſuch a Prologue, and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladyes be afraid of the Lyon?

Star. I fear it *I'le* promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, we ought to conſider with our ſelves to bring in (God ſhield us) a Lyon among Ladies is a moſt dreadful thing, for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl then your Lion living, and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore another Prologue muſt tell he is not a Lyon.

Bot Nay, You muſt name his name, and half his face muſt be ſeen through the Lions Neck, and he himſelf muſt ſpeak through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame effect, Ladyes: Ladyes, *I* would wiſh you, or *I* would requeſt you ould intreat you not to tremble; my life for yours, ink *I* come hither as a Lyon it were pity of my life no

no, *I* am no ſuch thing, *I* am a man as other men are, and here indeed let him name his name, and tell plainly *I* am *Snug* the Joyner.

Qu. Well, it ſhall be ſo: But there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moon-light into a Chamber, for you know *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* met by moon-light.

Snug. Doth the moon ſhine that night we play our play?

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, look in the Almanack; find out moon-ſhine, find out moon-ſhine.

Qu. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a caſement of the great Chamber window where we play open, and the moon may ſhine in at the Caſement.

Qu. *I*, or elſe one muſt come with a bunch of Thorns and a Lanthron, and ſay he come to disfigure, or to preſent the perſon of Moon-ſhine. Then there is another thing, we muſt have a wall in the great Chamber, for *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* (ſaies the ſtory) did talk through the Chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a Wall, what ſay you, *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent Wall, and let him have ſome Plaiſter, or ſome Lome, or ſome Rough caſt about him to ſignifie VVall, or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that Crany ſhall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whiſper.

Qu. If that may be, then all is well; come, ſit down every mothers Son and rehearſe your parts, *Pyramus*, you begin, when you have ſpoken your ſpeech, Enter into that Brake, and ſo every every man according to his Cue———

Enter Pugg.

Pugg. What Hempen Home-ſpuns have we ſwaggering here ſo near the Cradle of the fairy Queen. What? a play toward? I'le be an Auditor, and Actor too perhaps if I ſee cauſe.

Qu. Speak, *Pyramus*, *Thisby*, ſtand forth.

Pyra. *Thisby*, the flowers of Odious ſavours ſweet.

Quin. Odours, Odours.

Pira. Odours ſavours ſweet, ſo hath thy breath my deareſt *Thisbe*, dear. But heark, a voice: ſtay thou but here a while, and by and by I will to thee appear.

Pugg. A ſtranger, *Pyramus*, then e're plaid here.

[*Exit Pira.*

This. Muſt I ſpeak now? [*Exit after him.*

Quin. I, marry muſt you. For you muſt underſtand that he goes but to ſee a Noiſe that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Moſt Radient *Pyramus*, moſt Lilly white of hue. Of colour like the red Roſe on triumphant Bryar. Moſt Briſky Juvenal, and the moſt lovely Jew. As true as trueſt Horſe that never yet would Tyre. I'le meet thee, *Pyramus*, at *Ninus* Tomb.

Qui. *Ninus* Tomb, man: Why, you muſt not ſpeak that yet; That you anſwer to *Pyramus*: you ſpeak all your part at once Cues and all, *Pyramus*, Enter, your Cue is paſt, it is, never Tire.

This. O, as true ar trueſt Horſe, that yet would never tire.

Pir. If I were, fair *Thisby*, I were only thine.

Quince. O monſtrous! O ſtrange! we are haunted; pray Maſters fly, Maſters, help. [*Exeunt the Clowns.*

Pugg. I'le follow you, I'le lead you about a round. Through

Through Bog, through Bush, through Brake, through Briar. Sometimes a Horse I'le be, sometimes a Hound, a Hogg, a headless Bear; sometimes a Fire, and Neigh, and Bark, and Grunt, and Roar, and Burn, like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

Enter Bottom *with an Asses head.*

Bot. Why do they run away? This is knavery of them to make me afraid.

Enter Snout.

Sno. O *Bottom*, thou art changed, what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do I see? you see an Asses head of your own, do you.

Enter Peter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, *Bottom*, bless thee, thou art translated.

Bot. I see their knavery, this is to make an asse of me, and fright me if they could, but I will not stir from this place do they what they can, I will walk up and down here, and will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

[*He sings.*

The Woosel cock so black of hew,
With Orange Tawny bill.
The Throst'le with his note so true,
The Wren and little quill.

Tita. What Angel wakes me from my flowry bed? *Queen of Fairy wakes, and looks upon him.*

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Lark.
The Plain-song Cuckow Gray,

Whose note full many a man doth Mark,
And dare not answer Nay.

For indeed who should set his wit to so foolish a bird? Who would give a bird the lye though he should cry Cuckow never so.

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again,
Mine ear is much enamoured of thy note.
On the first view to say, to swear I love thee,
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape
And thy fair vertues force (perforce) doth move me

Bot. Methinks (Mistress) you should have little reason for that, and yet to say truth, reason and love keep little company together now adayes. The more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, Ic an Gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this VVood, I have enough to serve my own turn.

Tita Out of this wood do not desire to go,
Thou shalt remain here whether thou wilt or no.
I am a Spirit of no common Fate,
The Summer still doth tend upon my State,
And I do love thee, therefore go with me,
I'le give thee Fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the Deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep;
And I will purge thy mortal grosness so,
That thou shalt like an Airy Spirit go.

Enter

Enter Peaſe-bloſſom, Cobweb, and Muſtard-ſeed, three Fairies.

Fair. Ready, and I, and I, and I; where ſhall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walks, and Gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with Apricots and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, green Figs, and Mulberries,
The Honey-bags ſteal from the humble Bees,
And for white Tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worms eyes,
To have my Love to Bed, and to ariſe,
And pluck the wings from painted Butterifles
To fan the Moon-beams from his ſleeping eyes,
Nod to him, Elves, and do him Courteſies.

1. *Fai.* Hail, mortal, hail.

1. 2. *Fai.* Hail.

3. *Fai.* Hail.

Bot. I cry your worſhips heartily mercy. I beſeech your worſhips name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance, good Maſter *Cobweb*, if I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you. Your Name, honeſt Gentleman?

Peaſ. Peaſe-bloſſom.

Bot. I pray commend me to Mrs. *Squaſh* your Mother, and to Maſter *Peaſe-cod* your Father; I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance too.
Your Name, I beſeech you, Sir.

Muſ. Muſtard-ſeed.

Bot. Good Mr. *Muſtard-ſeed*, I know your patience well.

That

That ſame cowardly Giant-like Ox-Beef hath devoure many a Gentleman of your Houſe; I promiſe your kindre have made my eyes water e're now. I deſire you more acquaintance, good Maſter *Muſtard-ſeed.*

Tita. Come, wait upon him, lead him to my Bower.
The Moon, me-thinks, looks with a watry eye,
And when ſhe weeps, weep every little Flower:
Lamenting ſome enforced Chaſtity.
Tye up my Lovers tongue, bring him ſilently.

[*Exeunt*

Enter Oberon *King of Fairies*, Solus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awaked.
Then what it was that next came to her eye,
Which ſhe muſt dote on in extremity.

Enter Pugg.

Here comes my Meſſenger; how now, mad ſpirit,
What Night-rule now about this haunted Grove?

Pugg. My Miſtreſs with a Monſter is in Love.
Near to her Cloſe and conſecrated bower,
Whiles ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hour,
A crew of Patches, rude Mechanicals,
That work for bread upon *Athenian* ſtalls,
Were met together to rehearſe a Play,
Intended for great *Theſeus* Nuptial day.
The ſhalloweſt thick-skin of that barren ſort,
Who *Pyramus* preſented in their ſport.
Forſook his Scene, and entred in a brake,
Where I did him at this advantage take;

An Asses Nose I fixed on his head,
Anon his *Thisby* must be answered,
And forth my mimick comes, when they him spy,
As Wild-geese that the creeping Fowler eye;
Or russes-pated Choughs many in sort
(Rising and cawing at the Guns report)
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the Sky,
So at his sight away his fellows fly;
And at our stamp o're and o're one falls,
He murther crys, and help from *Athens* calls.
Their sense thus weak lost with their fear thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong.
For Bryars and Thorns at their Apparel snatch
Some Sleeves, some Hats, from Yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet *Pyramus* translated there.
When in that moment so it came to pass,
Titania wak'd, and straight-way lov'd an Ass.

[*Exit.*

Ob. This fall out better then I could devise,
I shall now be avenged upon my Queen:
But see, she comes, I'le stand aside.

Enter Queen, Bottom, *Fairies,*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowry Bed,
While I thy aimable Cheeks do coy,
And stick musk Roses on thy sleek smooth Head,
And kiss thy fair large Ears, my gentle Joy.

Bot. Where's *Pease-blossom*?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, *Pease-blossom*: Where's Monsieur *Cobweb*?

Cob. Ready.

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monſieur *Cobweb*, good Monſieur get your Weapons in your hand, and kill me a red humble Bee on the top of a Thiſtle; and good Monſieur bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret your ſelf too much in the action, Monſieur, and good Monſieur have a care the honey-bag break not, I would be loath to have you o're-flown with a honey-bag, Signior. Where's Monſieur *Muſtard-ſeed*?

Muſ. Ready.

Bot. Give me your newſe, Monſieur *Muſtard-ſeed*. Pray leave your Courteſie, good Monſieur.

Muſ. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good Monſieur, but to help Cavaliero *Cobweb* to ſcratch; I muſt to the Barbers, Monſieur, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face, and I am ſuch a tender Aſs, if my hair does but tickle me, I muſt ſcratch.

Tita. What wilt thou hear, ſome Muſick, my ſweet Love?

Bot. I have a reaſonable good Ear in Muſick, let us heat the Tong and the bone.

Muſick Tongs Rural Muſick.

Tita. Or ſay, ſweet Love, what thou deſireſt to eat.

Bot. Truly a peck of Provender, I could maunch your good dry Oats, me-thinks I have a great deſire to a bottle of hay, good hay, ſweet hay hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a ventrous Fairy,
That ſhall ſeek the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried Peaſe. But I pray let none of your People ſtir me, I have an expoſition of ſleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms;
Fairies, be gone, and be alwayes away:
So doth the wood bind the sweet Hony-suckle
Gently entwist, the Female Ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elm.
O how I love thee? How I dote on thee?
Ob. VVelcome, good *Pug*. [Oberon *approaches.*
Seest thou sweet sight? [*Enter* Pug.
Her dotage now do I begin to pity.
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her,
For she his hairy Temples then had rounded
VVith Coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers,
And that same Dew which sometime on the buds,
VVas wont to smell like round and orient Pearl;
I stood within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience;
I then did ask of her her Changeling Child,
VVhich streight she gave me, and her Fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in Fairy Land.
And now I have the Boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes,
And, gentle *Pug*, take this transformed Scalpe
From off the Head of this *Athenian* Swain,
That he awaking may return to *Athens*,
And think no more of this Nights accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a Dream,
But first, I will release my Fairy Queen.

Be thou as thou was wont to be,
See thou as thou was wont to see,
Dians bud or Cupids flower
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now my *Titania* wake you my sweet Queen.
Tit. My *Oberon*, what visions have I seen?
Me-thought I was inamoured of an Ass.
Ob. There lies your love.
Tit. How came these things to pass?
Oh how mine eyes do loath this visage now.
Ob. Silence a while. *Pugg*, take thou off his head.
[*He puls off his Asses head.*
Pugg. When thou awakes with thine own fools eyes peep.
[*Exeunt.*

After a while Bottom *wakes.*

Bot. When my cue comes call me, and I will answer, my next is most fair *Pyramus* hei ho. *Peter Quince*, *Flute* the Bellowes-mender? *Snout* the Tinker? *Starveling*? Gods my life stoln hence and left me asleep, I have had a most rare vision, I had a dream past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an Asse if he go about to expound this dream. Me-thought I was, there's no man can tell what me-thought I was, and me-thought I had, but a man is but a patched fool if he will offer to say what me-thought I had, the eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, mans hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart report what my dream was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a Ballad of this dream, it shall be called *Bottoms* dream because it hath no Bottom, and I will sing it in the latter end of

e Play before the Duke, peradventure to make it the more racious I will ſing it at her death. [*Exit.*

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisby, Snout, and Starveling.

Qu. Have you ſent to *Bottoms* houſe? Is he come yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of, out of doubt he is tranſported.

Flute. If he come not, then the Play is marr'd, it goes not orward, doth it?

Qu. It is not poſſible, you have not a man in all *Athens* ble to diſcharge *Pyramus* but he.

Flute. No: He hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handy-rafts man in *Athens*.

Qu. Yea, and the beſt perſon too, and he is a very Paramour for a ſweet voice.

Flute. You muſt ſay Paragon; a Paramour is, God bleſs us, thing of nought.

Enter Snug the Joyner.

Snug. Maſters, the Duke is now coming from being married at the Temple, oh, if our ſport had gone forward, we had ll been made men.

Flute. O ſweet Bully *Bottom*, thou haſt loſt ſix pence a day uring his life, he could not have ſcaped ſix pence aday, and he Duke had not given him ſix pence a day for playing *Pyramus* I'le be hang'd, he would have deſerved ſix pence a day, n *Pyramus* or nothing.

Enter

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? Where are these hearts?

Qu. *Bottom*! O most couragious day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders, but ask me not what, for if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*, I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let us hear, sweet *Bottom*.

Bot. Not a word of me, all that I will tell you is, that the Duke hath Dined, get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new Ribbands to your Pumps, meet presently in the Palace, every man look over his part for the short, and the long is, our play is preferred, in any case let *Thisby* have clean linnen: and let not him that playes the Lyon pare his Nails for they shall hang out for the Lyons claws, & most dear Actors eat no Onions nor Garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath, and doubt not to hear them say it is a sweet Comedy. No more words, away: go, away.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, Dutchess, and two Lords.

Egæus. May all things prove propitious to this match,
And heavens poure down whole showers of joy to wait
Within your Royal walks, your Board, your bed.

Duke. Thanks, kind *Egæus*, but what pleasant maskes,
What dances have we now to wear away
This long age of three hours, which yet we have
To spend e're bed time?

1. *Lord.* And't please your grace, there is a scene,
Tedious, yet brief, to be presented of

The

The Love of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*,
Mirth very Tragical.

Duke. Merry and Tragical; tedious and brief. That is
not Ice, and wondrous ſtrange Snow: How ſhall we find a
Concord in this diſcord?

2. *Lord.* A Play there is, my Lord, ſome ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a Play,
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious. For in all the Play
There's not one word apt, one Player fitted;
And Tragical, my Noble Lord, it is,
For *Pyramus* therein doth kill himſelf;
Which when I ſaw rehearſt, I muſt confeſs,
Made my eyes water, but more merry tears
The Paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed.

Duke. What are they that do Play it?

1. *Lord.* Hard-handed men that work in *Athens* here,
Which never laboured in their minds till now,
And now have toyled their unbreathed memories
With this ſame Play againſt your Nuptials.

Duke. And we will hear it, let them approach.

They take their Seats. Enter Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good Will:
That you ſhall think we come not to offend,
But with good will, To ſhew our ſimple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end:
Conſider then, we come but in deſpight,
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your Delight
We are not here. That you ſhould here repent you.

The Actors are at hand, and by their ſhow
You ſhall know all that you are like to know.

Duke. This Fellow doth not ſtand upon points.

1. *Lord.* He hath read his Prologue like a rough Colt, he knows not the ſtop. A good moral, my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeak, but to ſpeak true.

Dutch. Indeed he hath plaid on his Prologue like a Child on the recorder, a ſound, but not in Government.

Duke. His ſpeech was like a tangled Chain, nothing impaired, but all diſordered. Who is the next?

Enter Pyramus, Thisbe, Wall, Moon-ſhine, *and* Lyon.

Prolo. Gentels, perchance you wonder at this ſhow;
But wonder on till truth doth make all things plain:
This Man is *Pyramus* if you would know;
This beauteous Lady *Thisbe* is certain.
This Man with Lime and Rough-caſt doth preſent
Wall, the vile Wall which did theſe Lovers ſunder,
And through Walls chink (poor Souls) they are content
To whiſper, at the which let no Man wonder.
This man with Lanthorn, Dog, and buſh of Thorn
Preſenteth Moon-ſhine; for if you will know,
By Moon-ſhine did theſe Lovers think no ſcorn
To meet at *Ninns* Tomb, there, there to woe.
This Griſly Beaſt (which Lyon height by name)
The truſty *Thisbe* coming firſt by Night,
Did ſcare away, or rather did affright,
And as ſhe fled her mantle ſhe did fall,
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did ſtain;
Anon comes *Pyramus* ſweet Youth, and tall,
And finds his *Thisbie's* mantle ſlain,

Whereat

Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade
He bravely broach't his bloody boiling breaſt,
And *Thisbe* tarrying in a Mulberry ſhade,
His Dagger drew and dyed. For all the reſt.
Let *Lyon*, *Moon-ſhine*, *Wall*, and Lovers twain,
At large diſcourſe, while here they do remain.
[*Exeunt all but Wall.*

Duke. I wonder if the Lyon be to ſpeak?

2. *Lord.* No wonder, my Lord, one Lyon may, when many Aſſes do.

Wall. In this ſame Interlude it doth befall
That I, one *Snug*, (by name) preſent a Wall,
And ſuch a Wall as I would have you think
As had in it a cranned hole or chink,
Through which the Lovers, *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*,
Did whiſper often very ſecretly.
This loam, this rough-caſt, and this ſtone doth ſhow
That I am that ſame wall the truth is ſo,
And this the Cranny is right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whiſper.

Duke. Would you deſire lime, and hair to ſpeak better?

2. *Lor.* It is the wittieſt partition that ever I heard diſcourſe my Lord.

Duke. *Pyramus* draws near the wall, Silence ——

Enter Pyramus.

Pyra. O Grim lookt night! O night with hue ſo black? O night which ever art when day is not.
O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,
I fear my *Thisby*'s promiſe is forgot;
And thou O wall thou ſweet and lovely wall,

That ſtands between her fathers ground and mine,
Thou Wall, O Wall, O ſweet and lovely Wall
Shew me thy Chink to blink through with mine eyes.
Thanks Curteous Wall; *Jove* ſhield thee well for this.
But what ſee I? No *Thisby* do I ſee.
O witched Wall through whom I ſee no bliſs:
Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiving me.

Duke. The Wall me-thinks being ſenſible ſhould curſe again.

Pyram. No in truth, Sir, he ſhould not. *Deceiving me.*
Is *Thisbies* Cue, ſhe is to enter, and I am to ſpy
Her through the Wall, you ſhall ſee it will fal'.

Enter Thisby.

Pat, as *I* told you; yonder ſhe comes.

Thisb. O Wall full often haſt thou heard my moanes
For parting my fair *Pyramus* and me.
My Cherry lips have often kiſt the ſtones,
Thy ſtones with Lime and Hair knit up in thee.

Pyra. I hear a voice, Now will I to the Chink
To ſpy if I can ſee my *Thisbies* face. *Thisby.*

This. My love, thou art my love *I* think.

Pyra. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lovers Grace,
And like *Limander* am *I* truſty ſtill.

This. And I like *Helen* till the fates me kill.

Pira. Not *Thafalus* to *Procrus* was ſo true.

This. As *Shalafus* to *Procrus* I to you.

Pira. O kiſs me though the hole of this vile Wall.

This. I kiſs the Wall hole, not your lips at all.

Pira. Will thou at *Ninnies* tomb meet me ſtraight way?

This. Tide life, tide death, I'le come without delay.

[*Exeunt Pir. and Thisby*

Wall

Wall. Thus have I Wall my part diſcharged ſo.

[*Exit Wall.*

Duke. Now is the Moral down between the two neighbours.

2. *Lor.* No remedy, my Lord, when Walls are ſo wilfull.

Dutch. This is the tilliеſt ſtuff that ever I heard.

Duke. The beſt in this kind are but ſhaddows, and the worſt no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Dutch. It muſt be your imagination then, not theirs.

Duke. If we imagine no worſe of them then they of themſelves, they may paſs for excellent men. Here comes two noble Beaſts in, a Man and a Lyon.

Enter Lyon and Moon-ſhine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you whoſe gentle hearts do fear
The monſtrous Mouſe that creeps on floor;
May now perchance both quake and tremble here,
When Lyon rough in wildeſt rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one *Snug*, the Joyner am,
A Lyon fell, or elſe no Lyons dam;
For if I ſhould as Lyon come in ſtrife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my Life.

Duke. A very gentle Beaſt, and of a good Conſcience.

2. *Lord.* The very beſt at a Beaſt, my Lord, that ever I ſaw.

2. *Lord.* This Lyon is a very Fox for his Valour.

Duke. True, and a Gooſe for his diſcretion.

2. *Lord.* Not ſo, my Lord, for his Valour cannot carry his diſcretion, and the Fox carries the Gooſe.

Duke. His diſcretion I am ſure cannot carry his Valour, for the Gooſe carries not the Fox. It is well, leave it to his diſcretion.

Moon. This Lanthorn doth the horned Moon preſent.

2. *Lord.* He ſhould have worn the horns on his head.

Duke. He is no Creſcent, and his Horns are inviſible within the circumference.

Moon. This Lanthorn doth the horned Moon preſent; my ſelf the man i'th' Moon doth ſeem to be.

Duke. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt, the man ſhould be put in the Lanthorn, how is he elſe the the man in the Moon.

2. *Lord.* He dares not come in there for the Candle, for you ſee 'tis already in ſnuff.

Dutch. I am weary of this Moon, would he would change.

Duke. It appears by his ſmall light of Diſcretion, that he is in the wain: but yet in courteſie in all reaſon we muſt ſtay the time.

1. *Lord.* Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to ſay, is, to tell you that the Lanthorn is the Moon, I the man in the Moon, this thorn-buſh my Buſh, and this Dog my Dog.

2. *Lord.* Why, all theſe ſhould be in the Lanthorn, for they are in the Moon. But ſilence, here comes *Thisbe.*

Enter Thisbe.

This. This is old *Ninnies* Tomb: where is my Love?

Lyon. Oh —— [*The Lyon roars,* Thisbe *runs off.*

1. *Lord.* VVell roar'd, *Lyon.*

Duke. VVell run, *Thisby.*

Dutch. VVell ſhone, Moon. Truly the Moon ſhines with a good grace.

Duke. VVell mouz'd, *Lyon.*

2. *Lord.* And then came *Pyramus.*

1. *Lord.* And

1. *Lord.* And ſo the Lyon vaniſht.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyra. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy Sunny beams,
I thank thee, Moon, for ſhining now ſo bright,
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering ſtreams
I truſt to taſte of trueſt *Thisbes* ſight.
But ſtay: O ſpight! But mark, poor Knight:
What dreadful dole is here?
Eyes do you ſee! How can it be?
O dainty Duke! O dear!
Thy Mantle good; what, ſtain'd with blood,
Approach you Furies fell,
O Fates come, come, cut thread and thrum;
Quail, cruſh, conclude, and quell.

Duke. This paſſion, and the Death of a dear Friend would go near to make a man look ſad.

Dutch. Beſhrew my heart but I pity the man.

Pyra. O wherefore, Nature, didſt thou Lyons frame?
Since Lyon wild hath here defloured my dear,
Which is, no, no, VVhich was the faireſt Dame
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with chear.
Come, tears, confound; out, ſword, and wound
The pap of *Pyramus*;
I, that left pap, where heart doth hap,
Thus eye I thus, thus, thus.
Now I am dead, now I am fled, my ſoul is in the ſky,
Tongue, loſe thy light, Moon, take thy flight,
[*Exit Moon-ſhine.*
Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye.

2. *Lord.* No dye, but an Ace for him, for he's but one.

1. *Lord.* Leſs then an Ace, man, for he's dead, he's nothing.

Duke. With the help of a Surgeon he might yet recover, and prove an Aſs.

Dutch. How chance Moon-ſhine is gone before.

[Thisbe *comes back, and finds her ſlain* Lover.

* *Enter* Thisbe.

Duke. She finds him by ſtar-light.
Here ſhe comes, and her paſſion ends the Play.

Dutch. Me-thinks ſhe ſhould not uſe a long one, for ſuch a *Pyramus*, I hope ſhe will be brief.

2. *Lord.* A Moth will turn the balance, which *Pyramus*, which *Thisbe* is the better.

1. *Lord.* She hath ſpyed him already with thoſe ſweet eyes.

2. *Lord.* And thus ſhe means, *Videlicet.*

This. Aſleep, my Love? What, dead, my Love?
O *Pyramus*, ariſe:
Speak, ſpeak. Quite dumb? Dead, dead? a Tomb
Muſt cover thy ſweet eyes.
Theſe Lilly Lips, this Cherry Noſe,
Theſe yellow Cowſlip Cheeks
Are gone, are gone; Lovers make moan,
His eyes were as green as Leeks.
O Siſters three, come, come to me
With hands as pale as milk,
Lay them in gore, ſince you have ſhore
With ſhears his thread of ſilk.
Tongue not a word; Come, truſty Sword,
Come, blade, my breaſt embrue,
And farewell Friends, thus *Thisbe* ends,
Adieu, Adieu, Adieu.

Duke. Moon-

Duke. *Moon-shine* and *Lyon* are left to bury the Dead.

2. *Lord.* I, and *Wall* too.

Bot. No, I assure you the Wall is down that parted their Fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to hear a Burgo-mask Dance between two of our Company.

Duke. No Epilogue, pray you, for your Play needs no excuse, never excuse. For when the Players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it, had Play'd *Pyramus*, and hung himself in *Thisbies* Garter, it had been a fine Tragedy, and so it is truly, and very notably discharged; but come, your Burgo-mask, let your Epilogue alone. [*After a dance, Exeunt Omnes.*

THE

THE Cheater Cheated.

The Names of the Actors.

Two Gentlemen.
Master Mulligrub. A Vintner.
Cocledemoy. A Knavishly witty City Companion.
Master Burnish. A Goldsmith.
Lyonell. His Man.
Holifernes Rain-scure. A Barbers Boy.
Mistress Mulligrub.
Mary Faugh. An Old Woman.
Three Watchmen.

Enter two Gentlemen, and Mr. Mulligrub.

1. *Gent.* NAY, comfort, my good Host *Shark*, my good *Mulligrub.*

2. *Gent.* Advance thy snout, do not suffer thy sorrowful Nose to drop on thy *Spanish* Leather Jerken, most hardly honest *Mulligrub.*

1. *Gent.* What, cogging *Cocledemoy* is run away with a Nest of goblets; true, what then? They will be hammer'd out well enough, I warrant you.

Mull. Sure, some wise man would find them out presently.

1. *Gent.* Ye

1. *Gent.* Yes ſure, if we could find out ſome wiſe man preſently.

2. *Gent.* How was the Plate loſt? How did it vaniſh?

1. *Gent.* In moſt ſincere proof thus: That man of much money, ſome wit, but leſs honeſty, cogging *Cocledemoy*, comes this Night late into my Hoſt *Mulligrubs* Tavern here, calls for a Room, the Houſe being full, *Cocledemoy* conſorted with his moveable Cattle, his inſtrument of Fornication, the Bawd, Miſtreſs *Mary Fangh*, are imparlar'd next the ſtreet, good Poultrey was their Food, Black-bird, Lark, Woodcock, and mine Hoſt here, comes in, crys God bleſs you, and departs. A Blind Harper enters; craves Audience, uncaſeth, plays, the Drawer for Female privateneſs ſake is nodded out, who, knowing that whoſoever will hit the mark of profit, muſt, like thoſe that ſhoot in ſtone Bows, wink with one Eye, grows blind a the right ſide, and departs.

2. *Gent.* He ſhall anſwer for that winking with one Eye at the laſt day.

1. *Gent.* Let him have day till then, and he will wink with both his Eyes.

2. *Gent.* *Cocledemoy* perceiving none in the Room but the blind Harper (whoſe Eyes Heaven had ſhut up from beholding wickedneſs) unclaſpes a Caſement to the ſtreet very patiently, pockets up three Boles unnaturally, thruſts his Wench forth the Window, and himſelf moſt prepoſterouſly with his heels forward follows, (the unſeeing Harper plays on) bids the empty Diſhes, and the Treacherous Candles much good do them: The Drawer returns, but out alas, not onely the Birds, but alſo the Neſt of Goblets were flown away; laments are rais'd.

1. *Gent.* VVhich did not pierce the Heavens.

2. *Gent.* The

2. *Gent.* The Drawers moan,
Mine Hoſt doth cry, the Boles are gone.

Mul. Hic finis Priami.

1. *Gent.* Nay, be not Jaw-fall'n, my moſt ſharking *Mulligrub.*

2. *Gent.* 'Tis your juſt affliction, remember the ſins of the Sellar, and repent, repent.

Mul. I am not Jaw-fall'n, but I will hang the Cony-catching *Cocledemoy*, and there's an end on't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cocledemoy, *and* Mary Faugh.

Cocle. Mary, Mary Faugh.

Mar. Hem.

Cocle. Come, my worſhipful, rotten, rough-bellied Bawd, ha my blew tooth'd Patrons of Natural wickedneſs, give me the Goblets.

Mar. By yea, and by nay, Maſter *Cocledemoy*, I fear you'l play the Knave, and reſtore them.

Cocle. No, by the Lord *Aunt*, Reſtitution is Catholique, and thou knoweſt we love.

Mar. VVhat?

Cocle. Oracles are ceas'd: *Tempus præteritum.* do'ſt hear, my worſhipful gliſter-pipe, thou ungodly fire that burnt *Diana*'s Temple, do'ſt hear, Bawd?

Mar. In very good truthneſs you are the fouleſt mouth'd, prophane railing Brother, call a VVoman the moſt ungodly names: I muſt confeſs, we all eat of the forbidden Fruit, and for mine own part, though I am one of the Family of Love, and, as they ſay, a Bawd that covers the multitude of ſins, yet I truſt I am none of the wicked that eat Fiſh a Frydayes.

Cocle. Hang

Cocle. Hang toasts, I rail at thee, my worshipful Organ bellows that fills the pipes, my fine, ratling, fleamy cough a the lungs, and cold with a Pox, I rail at thee, what, my right precious panders, supporters of *Barber-Surgeons*, and inhaunters of *lotinus* and dyet drink: I rail at thee, necessary damnation, I'le make an Oration, I, in praise of the most Courtly fashion, and most pleasurable functis, I.

Mar. I prethee do, I love to have my self prais'd, as well as any old Jade, I.

Cocle. List then, a Bawd; first, for her profession, or vocation, it is most worshipful of all the twelve Companies, for as that Trade is most honourable that sells the best Commodities; as the Draper is more worshipful then the Point-maker, the Silk-man more worshipful then the Draper, and the Goldsmith more honourable then both, *Little Mary*: So the Bawd above all, her shop has the best ware, for where these sell but Cloath, Sattins, and Jewels, she sells divine Virtues, as Virginity, Modesty, and such rare Jems, and those not like a petty Chapman, by retail, but like a great Merchant, by whole Sale; wa, ha, ho, and who are her Customers, not base Corn-cutters, or Sow-gelders, but most rare wealthy Knights, and most rare bountiful Lords are her Customers. Again, where as no Trade or Vocation profiteth, but by the loss and displeasure of another; as the Merchant thrives not but by the licentiousness of giddy Youth, and unsetled, the Lawyer, but by the vexation of his Client, the Physician but by the maladies of his Patient, onely my smooth gum'd Bawd lives by others pleasure, and onely grows rich by others rising. O merciful gain, O righteous in-come. So much for her Vocation, Trade, and Life; as for their Death, how can it be bad, since their wickedness is alwayes before their eyes, and a deaths head most commonly on their middle finger. To conclude

conclude, 'tis most certain they must needs both live well, and dye well, since most commonly they live in *Clearken-well*, and dye in *Bridewell*. *Dixi Mary.* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cocledemoy, *and first Gentleman.*

1. *Gent.* Master *Cocledemoy, ut vales domine?*

Cocle. Ago tibi gratias my worshipful Friend, how does your Friend?

1. *Gent.* Out, you Rascal.

Cocle. Hang toasts, you are an Ass, much a your worships brain lyes in your Calves —— bread a God boy, I was at supper last night with a new wean'd bulchin, bread a God, drunk, horribly drunk, there was a VVench, one *Frank Frailty*, a punk, an honest pole-cat, of a clean In-step, sound leg, smooth thigh, and the nimble Devil in her buttock, ah fiest a grace, when saw you *Tisefew*, or Master *Caqueture*, that pratling Gallant of a good draught, common customs, fortunate impudence, and sound fart?

1. *Gent.* Away, Rogue.

Cocle. Hang toasts, my fine Boy, my Companions are worshipful.

1. *Gent.* Yes, I hear you are taken up with Scholars and Church-men.

Enter Holifernes *the Barber.*

Cocle. Quanquam te marce fili my fine Boy, does your worship want a Barber-Surgeon?

1. *Gent.* Farewell, Knave, beware the *Mulligrubs.*

[*Exit first Gentleman.*

Cocle. Let the *Mulligrubs* beware the Knave; what, a Barber-

arber-Surgeon, my dilicate Boy?

Holif. Yes, Sir, an Apprentice to Surgery.

Cocle. 'Tis, my fine Boy, to what Bawdy Houſe does your Maſter belong? VVhat's thy Name?

Hol. Holifernes Rain-ſcure.

Cocle. Rain-ſcure? Good M. *Holifernes*, I deſire your further acquaintance, nay, pray ye be cover'd, my fine Boy, kill thy Itch, and heal thy Scabs, is thy Maſter rotten?

Hol. My Father, forſooth, is dead.

Cocle. And laid in his grave,
Alas, what comfort ſhall *Peggy* then have?

Hol. None but me, Sir, that's my Mothers Son I aſſure you.

Cocle. Mothers Son, a good witty Boy, would live to read an Homily well, and to whom are you now going?

Hol. Marry, forſooth, to trim Mr. *Mulligrub* the Vintner.

Cocle. Do you know Maſter *Mulligrub*?

Hol. My God-father, forſooth.

Cocle. Good Boy, hold up thy chops, I pray thee do one thing for me, my name is *Gudgeon.*

Hol. Good Maſter *Gudgeon.*

Cocle. Lend me thy Baſon, Razor, and Apron.

Hol. O Lord, Sir.

Cocle. VVell ſpoken, good *Engliſh*, but what's thy Furniture worth?

Hol. O Lord, Sir, I know not.

Cocle. VVell ſpoken, a Boy of a good wit, hold this pawn, where doſt dwell?

Hol. At the ſign of the three Razors, Sir.

Coc. A ſign of good ſhaving, my cataſtrophonical fine boy, I have an od jeſt to trim Mr. *Mulligrub* for a wager, a jeſt, boy, a humour, I'le return thy things preſently, hold.

Hol. VVhat

Hol. VVhat mean you, Mr. *Gudgeon*?

Coc. Nothing faith, but a jeſt, Boy, drink that, I'le recoil preſently.

Hol. You'l not ſtay long.

Coc. As I am an honeſt man, the three Razors.

Hol. I, Sir. [*Exit* Holiferues.

Coc. Good, and if I ſhave not Maſter *Mulligrub*, my wit has no edge, and I go cack in my pewter, let me ſee, a Barber, my ſcurvy tongue will diſcover me, I muſt diſſemble, muſt diſguiſe, for my beard my falſe hair, for my Tongue, *Spaniſh*, *Dutch*, or *Welch*; no, a Northern Barber, VVidow *Rain-ſcures* man, well, newly entertain'd, right, ſo, hang toaſts; all Cards have white backs, and all Knaves would ſeem to have white Breaſts, ſo, proceed, now worſhipful *Cocledemoy*.

[*Exit* Cocledemoy *in his Barbers Furniture.*

Enter Maſter Mulligrub, *and Miſtreſs* Mulligrub, *ſhe with a bag of Money.*

Miſt. Mull. It is right, I aſſure you, juſt fifteen pounds.

Mull. Well, *Cocledemoy*, 'tis thou that putteſt me to this charge, but and I catch thee, I'le charge thee with as many Irons: well, is the Barber come, I'le be trim'd, and then to *Cheap-ſide*, to buy a fair piece of Plate to furniſh the loſs; is the Barber come?

Miſt. Mul. Truth, Husband, ſurely Heaven is not pleas'd with our Vocation; we do wink at the ſins of our People, our Wines are Proteſtants, and I ſpeak it to my grief, and to the burden of my Conſcience, we fry fiſh with ſalt butter.

[*Exit.*

Mull. Go look to your buſineſs, mend the matter, and ſcore falſe with a vengeance.

Enter

Enter Cocledemoy *like a Barber.*

Welcome, Friend, whoſe man?

Coc. Widdow *Rain-ſcures* man, an't ſhall pleaſe your good worſhip, my name's *Andrew Shark.*

Mull. How does my god-ſon, good *Andrew*?

Coc. Very well, he's gone to trim Mr. *Quicquid* our Parſon, hold up your Head.

Mull. How long have you been a Barber, *Andrew*?

Coc. Not long, Sir; this two year.

Mull. What, and a good Work-man already? I dare ſcarce truſt my head to thee.

Coc. O fear not, we ha pol'd better men then you, we learn the Trade very quickly, will your good worſhip be ſhaven or cut?

Mull. As you will; what Trade didſt live by before thou turneſt Barber, *Andrew*?

Coc. I was a Pedler in *Germany*, but my Countrey-men thrive better by this trade.

Mull. What's the newes Barber? Thou art ſometimes at Court.

Coc. Sometimes pole a Page, or ſo, Sir.

Mull. And what's the news, how do all my good Lords, and all my good Ladies, and all the reſt of my acquaintance?

Coc. What an arrogant Knave's this, I'le acquaintance ye. [*He ſpyeth the bag.* 'tis caſh) ſay ye, Sir?

Mull. And what news, what news, good *Andrew*?

Coc. Marry, Sir, you know the Conduit at Greenwich, and the under holes that ſpowt up water.

Mull. Very well, I was wash'd there one day, and so was my Wife, you might have wrung her smock i'faith; but what a those holes?

Coc. Thus, Sir, out of those little holes, in the midst of the Night, crawl'd out four and twenty huge, horrible, monstrous, fearful, devouring——

Mull. Bless us!

Coc. Serpents, which no sooner were beheld, but they turn'd to Mastiffs which howl'd, those mastiffs instantly turn'd to Cocks which crow'd, those Cocks in a moment were chang'd to Bears which roar'd; which Bears are at this hour to be yet seen in *Paris Garden*, living upon nothing but toasted Cheese and green Onions.

Mull. By the Lord, and this may be, my Wife and I will go see them, this portends something.

Coc. Yes, worshipful Fiest, thou'lt feel what it portends by and by.

Mull. And what more news? You shave the World, especially you Barber-Surgeons, you know the ground of many things, you are cunning privy searchers, by the mass you scoure all: what more news?

Coc. They say, Sir, that 25. couple of *Spanish* Jennets are to be seen hand in-hand dance the old measures, whilst six goodly *Flaunders* Mares play to them on a noyse of flutes.

Mull. O monstrous! this is a lye a my word, nay, and this be not a lye, I am no fool I warrant; nay, make an Ass of me once——

Coc. Shut your Eyes close, wink, sure, Sir, this Ball will make you smart.

Mull. I do wink.

Coc. Your Head will take cold.

[Cocledemoy *puts on a Coxcomb on* Mulligrubs *Head*

I will put on your good worſhips Night-cap, whilſt I ſhave you; ſo, mum: hang toaſts, faugh, viah, ſparrows muſt peck, and *Cocledemoy* munch.

Mull. Ha, ha, ha; 25. couple of *Spaniſh* Jennets to dance the old meaſures. *Andrew* makes my worſhip laugh, i'faith, doſt take me for an Aſs, *Andrew*? Doſt know one *Cocledemoy* in Town? He made me an Aſs laſt Night, but I'le Aſs him; art thou free, *Andrew*? Shave me well, I ſhall be one of the common Councel ſhortly, and then, *Andrew*, why *Andrew*, *Andrew*, doſt leave me in the ſuds? [*Cantat.* Why *Andrew*, I ſhall be blind with winking. Ha, *Andrew*, Wife, *Andrew*; what means this? Wife, my money, Wife.

Enter Miſtreſs Mulligrub.

Miſtreſs Mul. What's the noiſe with you? What ayl you?

M. *Mul.* Where's the Barber?

Mrs. *Mul.* Gone, I ſaw him depart long ſince; why, are you not trim'd?

M. *Mul.* Trim'd; O, Wife, I am ſhav'd; did you take hence the money?

Mrs. *Mul.* I toucht it not, as I am Religious.

M. *Mul.* O Lord, I have wink'd fair.

Enter Holiferne.

Hol. I pray, God-Father, give me your Bleſſing.

M. *Mul.* O, *Holifernes*; O, where's thy mother's *Andrew*?

Hol. Bleſſing, God-Father.

M. *Mul.* The Devil choak thee; where's *Andrew*, thy mothers man?

Hol. My Mother hath none ſuch, forſooth.

Mul. My money, 15. l. plague of all *Andrews*; who waſt trim'd me?

Hol. I know not, God-Father, only one met me, as I was coming to you, and borrowed my Furniture, as he ſaid, for a jeſt ſake.

Mul. What kind of Fellow?

Hol. A thick, elderly, ſtub-bearded Fellow.

Mul. *Cocledemoy, Cocledemoy*, raiſe all the wiſe men in the ſtreet, I'le hang him with mine own hands: O, Wife, ſome *Roſa-Solis*.

Mrs. *Mul.* Good Husband take comfort in the Lord, I'le play the Devil, but I'le recover it, have a good Conſcience, 'tis but a weeks cutting in the Term.

Mul. O Wife, O Wife! O *Jack*, how does thy mother? Is there any Fidlers in the Houſe?

Mrs. *Mul.* Yes, M. *Creakes* noiſe.

Mul. Bid e'm play, laugh, make merry, caſt up my accounts, for I'le go hang my ſelf preſently, I will not curſe, but a pox on *Cocledemoy*, he has pol'd and ſhav'd me, he has trim'd me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Maſter Garniſh, *and* Lionel: *Maſter* Mulligrub *with a ſtanding Cup in one hand, and an Obligation in the other,* Cocledemoy *ſtands at the other door diſguiſed like a* French *Pedler, and over-hears them.*

Mul. I am not at this time furniſhed, but there's my Bond for your Plate.

Gar. Your Bill had been ſufficient, y'are a good man; a ſtanding Cup, parcel gilt, of 32 Ounces, 11 pound, 7. ſhillings, the firſt of *July*, good Plate, good man, good day, good all.

Mul. 'Tis

Mul. 'Tis my hard Fortune, I will hang the Knave; no, first he shall half rot in Fetters in the Dungeon, his Conscience made despairful, I'le hire a Knave a purpose, shall assure him he is damn'd, and after see him with mine own eyes, hang'd without singing any Psalm. Lord, that he has but one Neck.

Gar. You are too Tyrannous, you'l use me no further.

Mul. No, Sir, lend me your Servant, onely to carry the Plate home; I have occasion of an hours absence.

Gar. With easie consent, Sir, hast and be careful.

[*Exit* Garnish.

Mul. Be very careful, I pray thee, to my Wives own hands.

Lion. Secure your self.

Mul. To her own hand.

Lion. Fear not, I have delivered greater things then this, to a Womans own hand.

Coc. Monsieur, please you to buy a fine dilicate Ball, sweet Ball, a Camphyr Ball.

Mul. Prethee away.

Coc. One a Ball to scour, a scouring Ball, a Ball to be shaved.

Mul. For the love of God talk not of shaving, I have been shaved, mischief and a 1000 Devils cease him, I have been shaved. [*Exit* Mullig.

Coc. The Fox grows fat when he is cursed, I must draw a Lot for the great Goblet. [*Exit.*

Enter Mistress Mulligrub, *and* Lionel *with a goblet. he delivers it, and* Exit.

Enter Cocledemoy.

Coc. Fair hour to you, Mistress.

Mrs. *Mul.* Fair hour, fine term, faith I'le ſcore it up anon, a beautiful thought to you, Sir.

Coc. Your Husband, and my Maſter, Mr. *Garniſh*, has ſent you a Jole of freſh Salmon, and they both will come to Dinner to ſeaſon your new Cup with the beſt Wine, which Cup your Husband intreats you to ſend back by me, that his Arms may be graved a the ſide, which he forgot before it was ſent.

Mrs. *Mul.* By what token, are you ſent by no token? Nay, I have wit.

Coc. He ſent me by the ſame token, that he was dry ſhaved this morning.

Mrs. *Mul.* A ſad token, but true, here, Sir, I pray you commend me to your Maſter, but eſpecially to your Miſtreſs, tell them they ſhall be moſt cincerely welcome.

[*Exit.*

Coc. Shall be moſt ſincerely welcome, worſhipful *Cocledemoy*, lurk cloſe, hang toaſts, be not aſhamed of thy Quality, every mans turd ſmells well in's own Noſe, vaniſh Foyſt.

[*Exit.*

Enter Mrs. Mulligrub, *with Servants and Furniture for the Table.*

Mrs. *Mul.* Come, ſpread theſe Table Diaper Napkins.

Enter Maſter Mulligrub.

Mrs. What, are they come?
Mul. Come, who come?
Mrs. You need not mak't ſo ſtrange.
Mul. Strange?

Mrs. I,

Mrs. I, ſtrange, you know no man that ſent me word, that he and his Wife would come to dinner to me, and ſent this Jole of freſh Salmon before hand?

Mul. Peace, not I, peace, the meſſenger hath miſtaken the Houſe, let's eat it up quickly before it be enquir'd for: fit to it ſome Vinegar, quick, ſome good luck yet, faith, I never taſted Salmon reliſht better, oh when a man feeds at other mens coſt.

Mrs. Other mens coſt? Why, did not you ſend this Jole of Salmon?

Mul. No.

Mrs. By Maſter *Garniſh* man?

Mul. No.

Mrs. Sending me word, that he and his Wife would come to Dinner to me.

Mul. No, no.

Mrs. To ſeaſon my new Boul?

Mul. Boul?

Mrs. And withal will'd me to ſend the Boul back?

Mul. Back?

Mrs. That you might have your Arms grav'd on the ſide?

Mul. Ha?

Mrs. By the ſame token you were dry ſhaven this morning before you went forth.

Mul. Pah, how this Salmon ſtinks.

Mrs. And thereupon ſent the Boul back, prepared Dinner: Nay, and I bear not a brain.

Mul. Wife, do not vex me; is the Boul gone, is it deliver'd?

Mrs. Deliver'd? yes ſure, 'tis deliver'd.

Mul. I will never more ſay my prayers, do not make me mad, 'tis common, let me not cry like a Woman; is it gone?

Mrs. Gone? God is my witneſs, I delivered it with no Intention to be couzen'd on't, then the Child new born, and yet ——

Mul. Look to my Houſe, I am haunted with evil Spirits; hear me, do, hear me, if I have not my Goblet again, I'le go to the Devil, I'le to a Conjurer; look to my Houſe, I'le raiſe all the wiſe men i'th' ſtreet. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Deliver us, what words are theſe! I truſt in God he is but drunk ſure.

Enter Cocledemoy.

Coc. I muſt have the Salmon to worſhip *Cocledemoy*, now for the maſter-piece, God bleſs thy Neck-piece, and *Contra*, fair Miſtreſs, my Maſter ——

Mrs. Have I caught you, what *Roger*?

Coc. Peace, good Miſtreſs, I'le tell you all, a jeſt, a very meer jeſt, your Husband onely took ſport to fright you, the Boul's at my Maſters, and there is your Husband, who ſent me in all haſte, leſt you ſhould be over-frighted with his feigning, to entreat you come to Dinner to him.

Mrs. Praiſe Heaven it is no worſe.

Coc. And deſired me, to deſire you to ſend the Jole of Salmon before, and your ſelf to come after to them, my Miſtreſs would be right glad to ſee you.

Mrs. I pray carry it: and now thank them intirely; Bleſs me, I was never ſo out of my skin in my Life; pray thank your Miſtreſs moſt intirely.

Coc. So now *Figo*, worſhipful *Mall Faugh* and I will mounch, Cheaters and Bawds go together like waſhing and wringing. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Beſhrew

Mrs. Beſhrew his heart for his Labour, how every thing about me quivers; what, *Chriſtian*, my Hat and Apron; here, take my ſleeves, and how I tremble; ſo, I'le goſſip it now for't, that's certain, here has been Revolutions and falſe fires indeed.

Enter Mulligrub.

Mul. Whither now? What's the matter with you now? Whither are you a gadding?

Mrs. Come, come, play the Fool no more; will you go?

Mul. Whither, in the rank name of madneſs, whither?

Mrs. Whither? Why, to Maſter *Garniſh*, to eat the Jole of Salmon; Lord, how ſtrange you make it!

Mul. Why ſo, why ſo?

Mrs. Why ſo; why, did not you ſend the ſelf-ſame Fellow for the Jole of Salmon, that had the Cup?

Mul. 'Tis well, tis very well.

Mrs. And willed me to come and eat with you at the Goldſmiths.

Mul. O I, I, I, art in thy right wits?

Mrs. Do you here, make a Fool of ſome body elſe, and you make an Aſs of me, I'le make an Ox of you, do you ſee?

Mul. Nay, Wife, be patient, for look you, I may be mad, or drunk, or ſo; for mine own part, though you can bear more then I, yet I can do well; I will not curſe, nor care I, but Heaven knows what I think. Come, let's go hear ſome muſick, *I* will never more ſay my prayers: Let's go hear ſome doleful muſick: nay, if Heaven forget to prosper Knaves, *I*'le go no more to the Synagogue. Now *I* am diſcontented

discontented, I'le turn Sectary, that is fashion.

[*Exeunt.*

Wa, ha, ho. [Cocle. *within.*

Enter Mulligrub.

Mul. It was his voice, 'tis he: He sups with his cupping glasses. 'Tis late, he must pass this way: I'le ha him, I'le ha my fine Boy, my worshipful *Cocledemoy*, I'le moy him; he shall be hang'd in lowsie linnen, I'le hire some Sectary to make him an Heretick before he dye; and when he is dead I'le pisse on his Grave.

Enter Cocledemoy.

Coc. Ah, my fine puncks, good Night, *Frank Frailty*, frail a Frail-Hall. *Bonus noches my ubiquitari.*

Mul. Ware polling and shaving, Sir.

Coc. A wolf, a wolf, a wolf. [*Exit* Cocledemoy, *Leaving his Cloak behind him.*

Mul. Here's something yet, a Cloak, a Cloak, yet I'le after he cannot scape the Watch, I'le hang him if I have any mercy, I'le slice him. [*Exit.*

Enter Cocledemoy.

Const. Who goes there? Come before the Constable.

Coc. Bread a God, Constable, you are a Watch for the Devil, honest men are rob'd under your Nose; there's a false Knave in the habit of a Vintner, set upon me, he would have had my Purse, but I took me to my heels: Yet he got my Cloak, a plain stuff Cloak, poor, yet 'twill serve to

to hang him. 'Tis my loss, poor man that I am.

Enter Mulligrub *running with* Cocledemoy's *Cloak.*

2. Masters, we must watch better; is't not strange, that Knaves, Drunkards, and Thieves should be abroad, and yet we of the Watch, Scriveners, Smiths, and Taylors never stir.

1. Heark, who goes there?

Mul. An honest man, and a Citizen.

2. Appear, appear, what are you?

Mul. A simple Vintner.

1. A Vintner, ha, and simple; draw nearer, draw nearer: Here's the Cloak.

2. I, master Vintner, we know you; a plain stuff Cloak: 'Tis it.

1. Right, come; Oh thou varlet, dost not thou know that the wicked cannot scape the eyes of the Constable.

Mul. What means this violence, as I am an honest man, I took the Cloak.

1. As you are a Knave, you took the Cloak, we are your witnesses for that.

Mul. But hear me, hear me, I'le tell you what I am.

2. A Thief you are.

Mul. I tell you my Name is *Mulligrub.*

1. I will grub you, in with him to the stocks, there let him sit till to morrow morning, that Justice *Quodlibet* may examine him.

Mul. Why but I tell thee.

2. Why but I tell thee, we'l tell thee now.

Mul. Am I not mad, am I not an Ass? Why scabs, Godsfoot, let me out.

2. I,

2. *I, I,* let him prate, he ſhall find matter in us ſcabs *I* warrant: Gods-ſo, what good members of the Commonwealth do we prove.

1. Prethee peace, lets remember our Duties, and let's go ſleep in the fear of God. [*Exeunt.*

Having left Mulligrub *in the ſtocks.*

Mul. Who goes there? *Illo*, ho, ho: zounds ſhall I run mad, loſe my wits, ſhall *I* be hang'd; heark, who goes there? Do not fear to be poor *Mulligrub*, thou haſt a ſure ſtock now.

Enter Cocledemoy *like a Bell man.*

Coc. The Night grows old
And many a Cuckold is now. Wha, ha, ha, ho,
Maids on their backs,
Dream of ſweet ſmacks, and warm: Wo, ho, ho, ho;
I muſt go comfort my venerable *Mulligrub*, *I* muſt
Fiddle him till he ſift: fough:
Maids in your Night-rails,
Look well to your light ——
Keep cloſe your locks,
And down your ſmocks,
Keep a broad eye.
And a cloſe thigh; excellent, excellent, excellent, who's there? Now Lord, Lord (maſter *Mulligrub*) deliver us, what does your worſhip in the ſtocks? *I* pray come out, Sir.

Mul. Zounds man, *I* tell thee *I* am lockt.

Coc. Lockt? O world, O men, O time, O night, that canſt not diſcern virtue and wiſdom, and one of the common Councel;

Councel; what is your worſhip in for?

Mul. For (a plague on't) ſuſpition of Felony.

Coc. Nay, and it be but ſuch a trifle, Lord, *I* could weep to ſee your good worſhip in this taking: Your worſhip has been a good Friend to me, and though you have forgot me, yet *I* knew your Wife before ſhe was married, and ſince *I* have found your worſhips Door open, and *I* have knockt, and God knows what *I* have ſaved; and do I live to ſee your worſhip ſtockt!

Mul. Honeſt Bell-man, *I* perceive thou knoweſt me,
I prethee call the Watch,
*I*nform the Conſtable of my Reputation,
That *I* may no longer abide in this ſhameful habitation,
And hold thee, all *I* have about me.

[*Gives him his Purſe.*

Coc. 'Tis more then *I* deſerve, Sir; let me alone for your delivery.

Mul. Do, and then let me alone with *Cocledemoy*, *I*'le moy him.

Coc. Maids in your ——
Maſter Conſtable, who's that i'th' ſtocks?

1. One for Robbery, one *Mulligrub*, he calls himſelf *Mulligrub*; knoweſt thou him?

Coc. Know him? O maſter Conſtable, what good Service ha you done; Know him? He's a ſtrong Thief, his Houſe has been ſuſpected for a Bawdy Tavern a great while, and a receipt for Cut-purſes, 'tis moſt certain; he has been long in the black book, and is he tane now?

2. Berlady my maſters we'l not truſt the ſtocks with him, we'l have him to the Juſtices, get a *mittimus* to *Newgate* preſently. Come, Sir, come on, Sir.

[*The Conſtable drags away* Mulligrub,

Mul. Ha,

Enter Cocledemoy *like a Serjeant.*

Coc. So, I have loſt my Serjeant in an ecliptique miſt, drunk, horrible drunk, he is fine: ſo now will I fit my ſelf, I hope this habit will do me no harm, I am an honeſt man already: fit, fit, fit as a puncks tail, that ſerves every body: By this time my Vintner thinks of nothing but Hell and Sulphur, he farts fire and brimſtone already; hang toaſts, the Execution approacheth. [*Exit.*

Enter Mulligrub, *Miſtreſs* Mulligrub, Cocledemoy, *and Officers.*

Offic. On afore there; room for the Priſoners.

Mul. I pray you do not lead me to Execution through *Cheap-ſide*, I owe Maſter *Garniſh* the Gold-ſmith money, and I fear he'l ſet a Serjeant on my back for it.

Mrs. O Husband, I little thought you ſhould have come to think on God thus ſoon; nay, and you had been hang'd deſervedly, it would never have grieved me; I have known of many honeſt innocent men have been hang'd deſervedly; but to be caſt away for nothing.

Coc. Good Woman hold your peace, your prittles and your prattles; your bibbles and your babbles, for I pray you hear me in private; I am a Widdower, and you almoſt a Widdow, ſhall I be welcome to your Houſes, to your Tables, and your other things?

Mrs. I have a piece of mutton, and a feather Bed for you at all times.

Mul. I do here make my Confeſſion; If I owe any man any thing, I do heartily forgive him: If any man owe me any

any thing, let him pay my Wife.

Coc. I will look to your Wives payment I warrant you,

Mul. And now good Yoke-fellow leave thy poor *Mulligrub*.

Mrs. Nay, then I were unkind i'faith, I will not leave you untill I see you hang'd.

Coc. But Brothers, Brothers, you must think of your sins and iniquities; you have been a broacher of prophane Vessels, you have made us drink of the juice of the Whore of *Babylon*, for whereas good Ale, *Perrys*, *Bragets*, *Siders*, and *Metheglins*, was the true Ancient, *British*, and *Trojan* Drinks; you ha brought in Popish Wines, *Spanish* Wines, *French* Wines, *tam marti quam mercurio*, both Muskadine and Malmesy, to the subversion, staggering, and sometimes over-throw of many a good Christian: You ha been a great Jumbler; O remember the sins of your Nights, for your Night-works ha been unsavoury in the taste of your Customers.

Mul. I confess, I confess; and I forgive as I would be forgiven. Do you know one *Cocledemoy*?

Coc. O very well: Know him? An honest man he is and a comely, an upright dealer with his Neighbours, and their wives speak good things of him.

Mul. Well, wheresoere he is, or whatsoere he is, I'le take it on my death he's the cause of my hanging; I heartily forgive him, and if he would come forth, he might save me, for he onely knows the why, and the wherefore.

Coc. You do from your hearts, and midrifs, and intrails forgive him then; you will not let him rot in rusty Irons, procure him to be hang'd in lowsie Linnen without a Song, and after he is dead, piss on his Grave.

Mul. That

Mul. That hard heart of mine has procured all this; but I forgive as I would be forgiven.

Coc. Hang toasts, my worshipful *Mulligrub*, behold thy *Cocledemoy*, my fine Vintner, my catastrophonical fine Boy, behold and see.

1. *Gent.* Bliss a the blessed, who would but look for two Knaves here?

Coc. No Knave, worshipful Friend, no Knave, for observe, honest *Cocledemoy* restores what he has got, to make you know, that whatsoere he has done, has been only *Enphoniæ gratia*, for Wits sake: I acquit this Vintner, as he has acquitted me; all has been done for *Emphases* of wit, my fine Boy, my worshipful Friends.

1. *Gent.* Go, you are a flattering Knave.

Coc. I am so, 'tis a good thriving Trade, it comes forward better then the seven Liberal Sciences, or the nine Cardinal Virtues; which may well appear in this, you shall never have flattering Knave turn Courtier: And yet I have read of many Courtiers that have turn'd flattering Knaves.

2. *Gent.* Was't even but so? Why then all's well.

Mul. I could even weep for joy.

Mrs. I could weep too, but God knows for what.

Coc. And now my very fine *Heliconian* Gallants, and you my Worshipful Friends in the middle Region:

If with content our hurtless mirth hath been,
Let your pleas'd minds as our much care be seen:
For he shall find that slights such trivial wit,
'Tis easier to reprove, then better it:
We scorn to fear, and yet we fear to swell,
We do not hope 'tis best: 'Tis all, if well. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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